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L. P.

1

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED  
POETRY.

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## PREFACE.

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It has often been a matter of surprise to me, that in an age such as the present, wherein Poetry has become so universally sought after, that almost every lady of taste and education treasures up her little manuscript selection as a necessary appendage to her library—an age too in which the Press is daily offering to the Public the newly devised source of amusement, that an elegant selection of modern Poetry should have appeared in print. Yet, I believe myself correct in stating this to be the case, and therefore feel very great pleasure in presenting to the Public a volume which I think<sup>d</sup> likely to claim their esteem and consequent sanction.

It is my opinion, and I believe a very general one, that Prefaces are of little import further than as they tend to treat simply and briefly of

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the contents to which they are prefatory. I will, therefore, trespass no longer on the attention of my readers than to assure them, that in compiling the present little offering, I have endeavoured to observe a strict attention to real poetic beauty and purely moral sentiments, and that pains have not been spared in the acquirement of original pieces, of which there are many. Some Stanzas decidedly sacred are grouped with others in the selection; but to second the observation made by a lady, (the compiler of a very esteemed little volume of Sacred Poetry already published), with the works of a Montgomery, a Wordsworth, and a Cowper before us, can devotional subjects be deemed inconsistent with a display of the richest touches of sublimity and beauty? With feelings of pleasing expectancy, therefore, I send my little Casket forth to the world, trusting that it may be found to contain gems of pure and sterling value.

*February 1826.*

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SELECTED  
AND  
ORIGINAL POETRY.

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THE PRAYER-ANSWERING GOD.

I DWELL in a world where there's nothing my own,  
Where the lightest event is beyond my control ;  
But to Him who is ruler—supreme and alone,  
I can gladly resign, for I know Him the whole.  
How pleasant 'mid changes and chances unthought,  
On His wisdom and love to disburthen our care,  
And to know that the God who disposes our lot,  
Is a God that will hear and will answer our prayer.

There are those whom I love, far away from me now,  
And roaming through danger by shore and by sea ;  
And what were my feelings, my Father, if Thou  
Wert not what Thou art, both to them and to me !

I cannot command the wild winds to be still;  
I cannot compel the dark waves to forbear;  
But one is above them who can and who will,  
The God who still heareth and answereth prayer.

Ah me! I look round me, and what are the smiles  
And the looks that give life all its zest and its soul?  
Mortality claims them, and sternly reviles  
Affection's vain struggle against her control.  
I own it—I feel it—and humbled and awed,  
I still dare to love them, all frail as they are;  
For I know we are both in the hands of a God,  
Who pities our weakness, and answers our prayer.

Then here be my resting-place—here will I sit,  
Secure 'mid the shiftings of time and event,  
For fate has no power but what He may permit,  
And the hand that must take is the same that hath  
lent.

On His wisdom and goodness I calmly rely,  
Whate'er He assigns He can aid me to bear;  
He knows what is good for me better than I,  
And I trust will still hear me and answer my  
prayer.

ANONYMOUS.

## THE FLEETNESS OF LIFE.

THIS world is all a fleeting show,  
For man's illusion given ;  
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,  
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow :  
There's nothing true but heaven !

And false the light on glory's plume,  
As fading hues of even ;  
And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom,  
Are blossoms gather'd from the tomb :  
There's nothing bright but heaven !

Poor wand'ers of a closing day,  
From wave to wave we're driven ;  
And fancy's flash and reason's ray,  
Serve but to light the troubled way :  
There's nothing calm but heaven !

MOORE.

## ON READING THE PRECEDING LINES.

THINK'ST thou for dark illusion drear,  
This world to man was given ?  
Who dries the penitential tear,

And gently soothes each anxious fear,  
In hearts that pant for heaven ?

Think'st thou, o'er life's benighted show,  
No star of peace hath risen,  
Whose beams dispel the sinner's foe,  
And light within that fervent glow,  
Which emanates from heaven ?

Think'st thou, though pilgrims of a day,  
By pain and sorrow driven,  
There dwells no Saviour on the way,  
To guide with truth's all-cheering ray,  
And hope that springs from heaven ?

That star of peace is Christ alone,  
Whose blood for man was given ;  
On God's right hand is fixed his throne,  
To exalt the good to joys unknown,  
That swell triumphant heaven.

Lord cause that " now's the accepted hour,"  
Be on each heart engraven ;  
Warn by thy grace ere death devour,  
And darkness with malignant power  
Obscure the road to Heaven.

G. S.



## ON MEMORY.

How sweet are the moments which memory's pen  
Devotes to the time that is past,  
As we dwell on the joys we may ne'er taste again,  
And pleasures too brilliant to last !

How sweet is the tear which flows fast from the eye,  
When remembrance awakens the mind,  
To the thought of those friendships for ever gone by,  
The warm—and the firm—and the kind !

Oh ! suffer the tear in the eye to appear,  
And forbid not the stream to flow on ;  
'Tis the dew-drop of heaven that falls on the bier,  
Of the joy that was bright but is gone.

'Tis the balm that affordeth a gentle relief  
To the heart over-burden'd with woe ;  
And shall I forbid it to glisten in grief,  
Or deny it permission to flow !

Oh ! forbid it my God ! that my folly should dare  
What Thy Providence wills to arraign ;

But when sorrow has blighted the hopes that were fair,  
We may weep—though we may not complain.

Still, still there's a hope in the sadness of woe,  
That death cannot separate love,  
That the spirits so closely united below,  
Shall unite in their raptures above.

FROM THE ETONIAN.

### A HYMN.

And art Thou come, dear Saviour—hath Thy love  
Thus made Thee stoop and leave Thy throne above?  
The lofty heavens? and thus Thyself to dress  
In dust—to visit mortals? would no less  
A condescension serve? and after all,  
The mean reception of a cratch, \* a stall.  
Hear, Lord—I'll fetch Thee hence, I have a room,  
'Tis poor, but 'tis my best, if Thou wilt come  
Within so small a cell, where I would fain,  
Mine and the world's Redeemer entertain.  
I mean my heart—'tis filthy I confess,  
And will not mend Thy lodging, Lord, unless  
Thou send before thy harbinger—I mean  
Thy pure and purging grace to make it clean,

\* An old word for manger.

And sweep its utmost corners—then I'll try  
To wash it also with a weeping eye.  
And when 'tis swept and washed, I then will go,  
And with Thy leave I'll fetch some flowers that grow  
In Thine own garden—faith and love to Thee.  
With these I'll dress it up, and these shall be  
My rosemary and bays; and when my best  
Is done, the room's not fit for such a guest.  
But here's the cure—Thy presence Lord alone  
Will make the stall a court—the cratch a throne.

JUDGE HALL.

## EPITAPH.

Let no proud stone with sculptur'd virtues rise,  
To mark the spot wherein a sinner lies;  
Or if some boast must deck the sinner's grave,  
Boast of His love who died lost man to save.

REV. J. MARRIOTT.

## SUNSET AND SUNRISE.

Contemplate, when the sun declines,  
Thy death with deep reflection!  
And when again he rising shines,  
Thy day of resurrection!

COWPER.

## LINES ON A SWING.

Whilst thus I cleave the fanning air,  
In swift yet stationary car,  
Its motion but too well pourtrays  
The soul's low flights and dull delays,  
Which seems with buoyant zeal to rise,  
At times ambitious of the skies ;  
But check'd by some terrestrial chain,  
Too soon, alas ! sinks down again.

REV. J. MARRIOTT.

## A MISSIONARY HYMN.

Joy—joy to the nations afar,  
Whose long darkened hemisphere glows  
With the dawn of the bright morning star,  
And whose desarts shall bloom as the rose.  
Come Christian by sharing their joy,  
Your land of fraternity prove ;  
To those whom his wrath might destroy,  
God sends forth his heralds of love.

They go—the adorable name  
Of Jesus to publish abroad ;  
To the ends of the world to proclaim  
The acceptable year of the Lord.

Rejoice ye that feelingly know  
What comfort that name can impart,  
To the mourners who Zion-ward go,  
What balm to the sin-wounded heart.

They go—to enable the blind,  
And the sitters in darkness to see;  
To loosen the chains of the mind,  
And to let Satan's bondsmen be free.  
Rejoice in the sweet cheering thought,  
All ye who from sins galling yoke,  
To the glorious freedom are brought,  
Of the Saviour's peculiar flock.

They go—that the warnings of fear  
May waken the careless from sleep;  
That mercy may pierce the deaf ear,  
And love teach the cripple to leap.  
That the Gospel's still voice may be heard,  
In the region of silence and death;  
That dry bones at the sound of Thy word,  
May be quicken'd with motion and breath.

They bear the sweet promise from Heaven,  
To sinners in misery revealed;  
Of all our offences forgiven,  
And all our infirmities healed.

That the sons of the east may be blest  
With the tidings—that thro' the beloved,  
As far as the east from the west,  
Our sins are for ever removed.

REV. J. MARRIOTT.

### A FAREWELL.

Farewell ! but not for ever,  
The chain of holy love,  
Though doom'd on earth to sever,  
Shall yet be link'd above.  
Thy latest words were spoken  
To save me from despair ;  
Thy last departing token  
Foretold a meeting there.

Few were thy days of gladness,  
Sweet maid—and quickly gone ;  
Too soon—in clouds of sadness  
Thy sun of life went down ;  
Thy soul to Heav'n resigning,  
Thou passed'st calm away,  
In anguish unrepining,  
And patient 'mid decay.

As silver clouds reposing  
On Eve's unruffled breast,

While night's dim shades are closing,  
Still glimmers on the west ;  
So long shall mem'ry borrow  
Faint lustre from the dead,  
And o'er the waste of sorrow  
A mournful radiance shed.

Yet now no more thou hearest  
The sigh of fond regret ;  
The living mourn my dearest,  
The happier dead forget.  
But ne'er shall time divide thee  
From this unchanging heart,  
'Till plac'd in death beside thee,  
We meet no more to part.

For thee the path was cheerless,  
That thou in darkness trod ;  
Thy soul was firm and fearless,  
It led thee to thy God.  
And, oh ! when death is near me,  
And earthly ties must sever,  
Then shall thy last prayer cheer me,  
Farewell !—but not for ever.

ANONYMOUS.

TO THE LITTLE FLOWER, "FORGET ME  
NOT."

Fond mem'ry's flower of azure die,  
Permit thy bard one boon to crave,  
When in death's narrow bed I lie,  
Oh ! bloom upon my humble grave.

And if some tender faithful friend  
Should--led by love, approach the spot,  
And o'er thy flower admiring bend,  
Then say for me, "Forget me not."

ANONYMOUS.

ON HOPE.

Cease ev'ry joy to glimmer on my mind,  
But leave—oh ! leave the light of hope behind ;  
What though my winged hours of bliss have been,  
Like angel's visits—few and far between,  
Her musing mood can ev'ry pang appease,  
And charm—when pleasures lose their power to please.

ANONYMOUS.

THE SEAMAN'S GRAVE.

Hark to the knell ! that comes on the swell  
Of the stormy ocean wave ;



'Tis no earthly sound, but a toll profound  
From the warrior's deep-sea grave !

When the billows dash, and the signals flash,  
And the thunder is on the gale,  
And the ocean is white in its own wild light,  
Deadly, and dismal, and pale :

When the lightning's blaze smites the seaman's gaze,  
And the sea rolls in fire and in foam,  
And the surge's roar shakes the rocky shore,  
We hear the sea-knell come.

There in the billow, the sand their pillow,  
Myriads of men lie low ;  
And still their dirge is sung by the surge,  
When the stormy night-winds blow.

Sleep, warrior sleep, on your pillow deep,  
In peace, for no mortal care,  
No art can deceive, no anguish can heave,  
The heart that once slumbers there.

And a trump shall resound, whose loud shrill sound  
The bands of the ocean shall sever,  
And call the brave from their deep cold grave,  
To dwell in bliss for ever !

## FROM JULIAN THE APOSTATE.

What is Power ?—'Tis not the state  
Of proud tyrants, whom man's hate  
To worse than death  
Can level with a breath,  
Whose term the meanest hand can antedate.  
The peasant with a heart at ease,  
Is a greater man than these.

What is Grandeur ?—Not the show  
Of silken robes ; no, not the mien  
And haughty eye  
Of old nobility.  
The foolish thing that *is* not, but *has been*.  
The noblest trophies of mankind,  
Are the conquests of the mind.

What is Beauty ?—Not the show  
Of shapely limits and features :  
These are but flowers  
That have their stated hours,  
To breathe their momentary sweets, then go.  
'Tis the stainless soul within,  
That outshines the fairest skin.

What is Love?—'Tis not the kiss  
 Of a harlot's lip—the bliss  
     That doth perish,  
     Even while we cherish  
 The fleeting charm : And what so fleet as this ?  
     He is blest in love alone,  
     Who loves for years and loves but one.

What is Glory?—Not the breath  
 Of vain venal crowds, nor death  
     Amid the cry  
     Of vaunting victory ;  
 Nor on the living brow war's sanguine wreath.  
     He who maintains his country's laws  
     Alone is great, or he who dies in the good cause.

HUNT.

## LOVE.

Love is a plant of holier birth  
 Than any that takes root on earth ;  
 A flow'r from heav'n, which 'tis a crime  
 To number with the things of time.  
 Hope in the bud is often blasted,  
 And beauty on the desert wasted,  
 And joy's a primrose early gay,  
 Love's lightest footfall treads away.

But love shall live and live for ever,  
And chance or change shall reach it never ;  
Can hearts in which true love is plighted,  
By want or woe be disunited ?  
Ah no ! like buds on one stem born,  
They share between them e'en the thorn,  
Which round them dwell but hurts them not,  
A lorn—but undivided lot.

Can death dissever love ? or part  
The loved one from the lover's heart ?  
No—no—he does but guard the prize,  
Sacred from mortal injuries.  
Making it purer—holier seem,  
As the ice closing o'er the stream  
Keeps, while storms ravage earth and air,  
All baser things from mingling there.

H. NEELE.

## ON RECEIVING A PRESENT OF A BIBLE.

Hail sacred pledge ! by heaven designed,  
To shed instruction o'er the mind,  
Grant faith—good God ! to read Thy will,  
That strong in Thee I'd fear no ill.

Oh ! fill my heart with pious zeal,  
To seek the joys Thy truths reveal ;  
Teach me to know the precious food  
Purchased by a Saviour's blood.

T. S.

ON A FAVOURITE SPANIEL.

Beneath this turf the gentle Flora lies,  
Farewell my pretty favourite—farewell ;  
Had I not other cause for tears and sighs,  
A sigh or tear might say I lik'd thee well.

Pass'd into darkness from thy little day,  
Beyond or good or ill thou retest now ;  
I soon shall join thee in one common clay,  
But not a nothing and a blank as thou.

But let me hence, and muse on loftier thought,  
Than one whose being ended with her breath ;  
And while I live this dying life be taught,  
Or e'er it come to die that living death.

Thus then I leave thee, and go on my way,  
Stop, stop my heart—a moment's pause I crave,

Go, harmless live as Flora liv'd, and say,  
 Thou hast learnt something at a Spaniel's grave.

REV. S. W. GANDY.

## ON THE DEATH OF MRS. ELIZA MOULSON.

Here in my last and softest bed I lie,  
 Here all the conflicts of corruption cease ;  
 What stillness thus to sleep—what gain to die,  
 And wake and live to victory and peace.

Loos'd from the bonds of earth, I soar away  
 On angel's wings to see my Father's face ;  
 And meet the glories of eternal day,  
 Amid the fulness of Immanuel's grace.

There whilst I join the harmony of joy,  
 With new hosannas to incarnate love ;  
 And all my high-born energies employ,  
 In sweetest concert with the blest above.

Let this memorial tell the passing throng,  
 How safe the journey and the end how blest ;  
 Of such, of only such as walk along  
 The pilgrim's way, toward the pilgrim's rest.

Then listen, mortals, to the speaking dead,  
Or sav'd or lost, they leave a voice behind ;  
Fly—fly from sin—fly to your God who bled,  
Hell is to lose him—heaven is to find.

REV. S. W. GANDY.

### ON SORROW.

The path of sorrow, and that path alone,  
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown ;  
No traveller ever reach'd that blest abode,  
Who found not thorns and briars on the road.  
The world may dance along the flowery plain,  
Cheer'd as they go by many a sprightly strain,  
Where nature has her yielding mosses spread,  
With unshod feet, and yet unharm'd they tread.  
Admonish'd, scorn the caution and the friend,  
Bent all on pleasure—heedless of its end.

But He, who knew what human hearts would prove,  
How slow to learn the dictates of His love ;  
That, hard by nature and of stubborn will,  
A life of ease would make them harder still.  
In pity to a chosen few designed,  
To escape the common ruin of mankind ;

Call'd for a cloud to darken all their years,  
And said, " Go spend them in a vale of tears."

COWPER.

### SONNET TO MRS. UNWIN.

Mary ! I want a lyre with other strings,  
Such aid from heaven as some have feign'd they drew,  
An eloquence scarce given to mortals—new  
And undebased by praise of meaner things ;  
That e'er through age or wo I shed my wings,  
I may record thy worth with honour due,  
In verse as musical as thou art true ;  
Verse that immortalizes whom it sings !

But thou hast little need. There is a book,  
By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light,  
On which the eyes of God not rarely look,  
A chronicle of actions just and bright.

There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine,  
And since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee mine.

COWPER.



## THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

Sweet is the scene when virtue dies,  
When sinks a righteous soul to rest,  
How mildly beam the closing eyes,  
How gently heaves the expiring breath.

So fades a summer cloud away,  
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,  
So gently shuts the eye of day,  
So dies a wave along the shore.

Triumphant smiles the victor's brow,  
Fann'd by some angel's purple wing :  
O grave ! where is thy victory now,  
Invidious death ! where is thy sting ?

A holy quiet reigns around,  
A calm which nothing can destroy ;  
Nought can destroy that peace profound  
Which their unfetter'd souls enjoy.

Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,  
Where lights and shades alternate dwell,  
How bright the unchanging morn appears ;  
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !

Its duty done—as sinks the clay  
Light from its load, the spirit flies,  
While heaven and earth conspire to say,  
“ Sweet is the scene where virtue dies !”

MONTGOMERY.

### AN ASPIRATION.

Pour in my heart Thy healing balm,  
That animates with kindling zeal ;  
Breathe through my soul that sacred calm,  
Which prompts to act, and forms to feel.

My weakness, Father, deign to bear,  
Thine influence, let me ever prove ;  
Teach me the omnipotence of prayer,  
Grant the benevolence of love.

Sov'reign of realms ! with peerless might  
Forbid my erring will to stray,  
Protect me through the gloom of night,  
Guide through the unsuspected day.

G. S.

## ON BEING CALLED A SAINT.

A Saint ! oh ! would that I could claim  
The privileged, the titled name,  
And confidently take my stand,  
Tho' lowest in the saintly band.

Would that the term in scorn applied,  
As well the test of truth could bide,  
As kingly salutation given,  
In mockery to the king of heaven.

A Saint ! and what imports the name  
Thus banded in derision's game ?  
Holy and separate from sin,  
To good, nay, e'en to God akin.

Is such the meaning of the name  
From which a Christian shrinks with shame ?  
Yes : dazzled by the glorious sight,  
He owns his crown is all too bright.

Ill might a son of Adam dare,  
Alone such honour's weight to bear,

But fearlessly he takes the load,  
United to the Son of God.

A Saint ! oh scorner give some sign,  
Some seal to prove the title mine,  
And warmer thanks thou shalt command,  
Than bringing kingdoms in thy hand.

Oh ! for an interest in that name,  
When hell shall ope her jaws of flame,  
And sinners to their doom be hurl'd,  
When scorned saints shall judge the world.

How shall the name of Saint be prized,  
Tho' now rejected and despised,  
When truth shall witness to the word,  
That none but Saints shall bless the Lord !

REV. J. MARRIOTT.

### THE EVENING HOUR.

This is the hour when memory wakes  
Visions of joy that could not last ;  
This is the hour when fancy takes  
A survey of the past.

She brings before the pensive mind,  
The hallowed scenes of earlier years,  
And friends who long have been consigned  
To silence and to tears.

The few we liked, the one we loved,  
A sacred band come stealing on ;  
And many a form far hence removed,  
And many a pleasure gone.

Friendships that now in death are hushed,  
And young affection's broken chain,  
And hopes that fate too quickly crushed,  
In memory live again.

Few watch the fading gleams of day,  
But muse on hopes as quickly flown ;  
Tint, after tint, they died away,  
Till all at last were gone.

This is the hour when fancy wreathes  
Her spell round joys that could not last ;  
This is the hour when memory breathes  
A sigh to pleasures past.

MRS. L. WILSON.

## ON PRAYER.

Who would appoint the pious soul,  
Its stated hours to glow,  
May teach the ocean when to roll,  
The winds what time to blow.

Whene'er they list, the billows heave,  
The winds at will arise ;  
Nor asks the rapid spirit leave,  
But in a moment flies.

A thousand scenes I daily view,  
A thousand feelings prove,  
Which with an ardour strong and true  
My adoration move.

I see—I feel the boundless good,  
In all thy works express'd ,  
And when I pray—'tis gratitude  
Too great to be suppress'd.

J. M.

“ Behold, the hour cometh, yea, is now come, that ye shall be scattered, every man to his own, and shall leave me alone: and yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me.”—St. John xvi. 32.

Oh ! tell me when I may  
Call one short hour my own ;  
Vain world, with all thy crowds away,  
My soul would be alone.

Yet not alone I am,  
Whilst thou in Heaven art ;  
Dear, loving, everlasting Lamb,  
Companion of my heart.

No ; I am not alone,  
Whilst Father, Spirit, Son,  
Call from their lofty mercy throne,  
To tell me we are one.

Alone I can't be found,  
While hosts that faith can see  
Of guardian angels fly around,  
To minister to me.

No—not alone am I,  
While saints remain below,  
Thy spirit joins their company,  
With them I onward go.

Alone I ne'er can be,  
While truth's abiding page  
Speaks words of blessings from the Three,  
To cheer my pilgrimage.

Sweet sacred solitude,  
Which thus attended is ;  
Let no unholy noise intrude  
On such a scene as this.

But soon the world breaks in  
To mar my tranquil hour,  
And care, and fear, and grief, and sin,  
Show their disturbing power.

There's not beneath the sun  
A sky without a cloud,  
And in the calmest course we run  
The tempest still is loud.

Then look, my hoping soul,  
Above yon starry vault,



And realize my future whole,  
Of peace beyond assault.

In regions now unseen  
But by believing eyes,  
Thoul't mix, immortal and serene,  
In sweet societies.

Where Jesus, Lord of all !  
Sits in His peaceful seat,  
And all the storms that shake this ball  
Lie hush'd beneath His feet.

Where great Jehovah spreads  
His vest o'er all above ;  
And thro' His dear anointed sheds  
His glory and His love.

There, 'midst delights untold,  
In realms by man untrod,  
Thou wilt eternal converse hold,  
With angels, saints, and God.

REV. W. GANDY.

## EPITAPH.

The loveliest flower in nature's garden placed,  
Permitted just to bloom, and plucked in haste,  
Angels beheld her ripe for joys to come,  
And called by God's command their sister home.

## STANZAS.

*Written at the early age of Twelve Years, by a Young  
Lady afflicted with Deafness.*

How various are the blessings lent  
By kind indulgent Heaven,  
If some denied, yet sweet content  
To balance them is given.

In vain the warblers of the plain  
Enchant the attentive ear ;  
To me, the voice of music's vain,  
No vocal strains I hear.

In vain the gay return of spring  
Fills every bird with glee,  
While wildly warbling on the wing,  
They sing, but not to me.

Yet I have joys, and joys prized high ;  
How sweet the poet's melting lay,  
And dear the smile in friendship's eye,  
That charms life's cares away.

Hail deafness ! contemplation's friend,  
Perhaps a blessing given,  
From this vain world, to raise my mind,  
And aid my flight to Heaven.

J. G.

## OH ! WEEP NOT FOR THOSE.

Oh ! weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb,  
In life's early beauty hath hid from our eyes,  
Ere sin threw a blight on the spirit's young bloom,  
Or earth had profan'd what was meant for the skies.

Death chill'd the fair fountain, in sorrow had stain'd it,  
Tears frozen in all the pure light of its course,  
And but sleeps till the sunshine of Heaven has un-  
chain'd it,  
To water the Eden from whence was its source.

ANONYMOUS.

## TO A POLYANTHUS,

BLOWING IN JANUARY.

Thou blushing flower ! no genial ray can'st feel  
To guard thee from the tempest's dread effect,  
Shall winter's icy hand thy blossom steal,  
And unrelenting doom thee to neglect ?

Meek, spotless flower, why thus thy sweets disclose,  
And ope thy blossom to the raging storm ?

Shall ice, shall snow-flake on thy breast repose,  
And shade the glowing beauties of thy form ?

Relentless clime ! whilst death thou'rt dealing round,  
Oh ! spare this tender floweret's beauteous head,  
Let the bleak mountain top with snow be crown'd,  
But spare this humble flower's unshelter'd bed.

Yet spar'd by clime, too many ills combine  
To prove thy life ill-fated—premature ;  
Thy lovely hues, which now in beauty shine,  
Attract the hand that beauty to secure.

T. S.

### FOR EVER !

For ever ! what a volume lies  
Within these simple words alone !  
How we regret, how dearly prize  
What once was trifling in our eyes,  
When 'tis for ever flown.

ANONYMOUS.

## LINES,

*Descriptive of a Moon-light Scene, from the Hill  
above Greenock.*

The moon beams play'd on Strona's rill,  
Whose waters kiss'd its bank of green ;  
The breeze came softly o'er the hill,  
Where waving fields and flowers were seen.

And Clutha, like a silver lake,  
Reflected back its blaze of light ;  
The echoing whispers from the brake  
Stole sweetly on the hour of night.

The lovely flowers which wildly grow,  
Were glowing with the dews of night ;  
The little lambs, like wreathes of snow,  
Were sleeping on the mountain's height.

The night's pale curtain hung on high,  
And dimness wrapt the distant view ;  
The stars gave lustre to the sky,  
Benlomond's top look'd cloudless thro'.

The dark blue hills like barriers stood  
Between eternity and time ;  
The distant windings of the flood  
Roll'd their dark waves from clime to clime.

Mine eye was fixed, my mind was free,  
Its flights creation could not bound ;  
It lingered 'midst eternity,  
And gazed on worlds revolving round.

It mark'd the glory of the night,  
On earth, on ocean, on the sky ;  
And, 'midst its revels of delight,  
I heard it whisper—" They must die."

But while I lingering mused, night fled,  
The moon grew dim, no stars were seen,  
The sun in glory raised his head,  
And Clutha's banks again were green.

ANONYMOUS.

## TO THE MEMORY OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

How sound is thy sleep on the shore  
Of the land which thou perish'd to save !  
When thy tempest, O war ! has roll'd peacefully o'er,  
How blest is the rest of the brave !

The cannon whose death-tolls were driven  
From clouds shedding lightning and gloom,  
Now point, like thy fame, to the four winds of heaven,\*  
And silently crouch at thy tomb.

\* Four cannon placed at the base of his monument.

Ungrav'd with thy name is its stone ;  
'Twere as mockery to tell in that clime  
That name—o'er the land, like a meteor it shone,  
And will shine o'er the regions of time.

Oh! what are the wreathes on his brow,  
Whom the Fates to his country restore,  
To the laurels immortal that death can bestow  
On him that returneth no more !

ANONYMOUS.

## THE BEACON.

The scene was more beautiful far to my eye  
Than if day, in its pride, had array'd it ;  
The land breeze blew mild, and the azure arched sky  
Look'd pure as the spirit that made it.

The murmur rose soft as I silently gaz'd  
On the shadowy wave's playful motion ;  
From the dim distant isle till the beacon far blaz'd  
Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

No longer the joy of the sailor-boy's breast,  
Was heard in his wildly-breath'd numbers ;  
The sea-bird had flown to her wave-girdled nest,  
The fisherman sunk to his slumbers.

One moment I look'd from the hill's gentle slope,  
All hush'd was the billow's commotion,  
And thought that the beacon look'd lovely as Hope—  
That star on life's tremulous ocean !

The time is long past, and the scene is afar ;  
Yet when my head rests on its pillow,  
Will memory sometimes rekindle the star,  
That blazed on the breast of the billow.

In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul flies,  
And death stills the heart's last emotion,  
Oh ! then may the seraph of mercy arise,  
Like a star on eternity's ocean !

P. M. J.

### AN EFFUSION.

Jesus, my refuge ! righteous judge !  
By whom sweet hope is given,  
Guide through this dark probation scene,  
And light my path to heaven.

Mature these embryo germs of hope  
Which in this heart have thriven,  
That fruit thus nurtured by thy grace  
Be perfected for heaven.



Dare sinners taste that precious fruit  
Thy bounteous hand hath given ?  
Thou feed'st the hungry soul with truth,  
To strengthen her for heaven.

Let me indulge the blessed hope,  
That I too am forgiven ;  
Thy blood was shed the wretch to save,  
To share thy joys in heaven.

When life's full cup runs o'er, and death  
Steals on like shades of even,  
Borne be my soul on seraph wings,  
To speed her flight to heaven.

G. S.

## TO THE MOON.

Queen of the silver bow ! by thy pale beam,  
Alone and pensive, I delight to stray,  
And watch thy shadow trembling in the stream,  
Or mark the fleeting clouds that cross thy way :  
And while I gaze, thy mild and placid light  
Sheds a soft calm upon my troubled breast.  
And oft I think, fair planet of the night !  
That in thy orb the wretched may have rest ;

The sufferers of the earth, perhaps, may go,  
Released by death, to thy benignant sphere,  
And the sad children of despair and woe  
Forget, in thee, their cup of sorrow here.  
Oh! that I soon may reach thy world serene,  
Poor wearied pilgrim in this toiling scene !

### THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

Blest is the broken bleeding heart,  
Which conscience brings to ache ;  
Soon heavenly hands shall bind it up,  
No more to bleed or break.

Blest are the eyes whose burning tears  
O'er past transgressions fall ;  
The sun of righteousness shall rise  
To dry or light them all.

And blessed they for whom the world  
And worldly things are dead ;  
A brighter scene appears beyond,  
That ne'er shall fail or fade.

That broken heart, that weeping eye,  
That pensive pilgrim guise,

Are heaven's own gifts, and more than all  
That worldlings seek or prize.

Who has them—charms and titles has,  
Which none beside may own ;  
Pledges of more than eye hath seen,  
Or heart conceiv'd or known.

Through cloud or sunshine, storm or calm,  
He on to glory goes ;  
With hope to light him on his way,  
And bliss to crown its close.

The sage may slight, the proud may shun,  
But God is with him still ;  
And adds a zest to all his joys,  
And lightens every ill.

Through Him he daily triumphs gains,  
O'er Satan, self, and sin ;  
Through Him new blessings smile without,  
New joy and peace within.

And daily more of Him he knows,  
And more of things on high ;  
And daily leans from earthly scenes,  
And ripens for the sky.

A coal from heaven has touched his lips,  
And filled his mouth with song ;  
And wings of love spread forth to waft  
His fainting steps along.

He goes, he goes, a fadeless crown,  
From Christ's own hand to win :  
The angels wait round heaven's high gate,  
To hail the stranger in.

The silver cord is loosed at last,  
The spirit soars away ;  
Assumes its station fast by God,  
To sing His praise for aye.

L.

## IMPROMPTU,

## ON VIEWING SOME BEAUTIFUL SCENERY.

Why, nature, is thy face so fair,  
So much surpassing art  
And what is that resistless charm  
That thrills through every heart ?

Is it because thy mirror face  
Doth still reflect the smile,

Which heaven, pronouncing "All was good,"  
Shed on the new-born pile?

### ON READING THE ABOVE.

How sweet in silent hour to twine  
The wreath that fancy weaves,  
Around the pillar of a mind,  
Whence pious feeling breathes.

By nature's secret impulse taught,  
With rapture undefined,  
To cull each opening bud of thought  
That springs within the mind.

Sweet, from this earthly fetter'd space,  
By weary pilgrim trod,  
To wing the soul o'er nature's face  
Aloft to nature's God.

A. B. C.

### THE ONLY TRUE HAPPINESS.

In search of enjoyment I wandered in vain,  
With a void in my bosom that nothing could fill :  
For mirth's gayest smile was succeeded by pain,  
And the sweet cup of pleasure proved bitterness still.

The young days of fancy rolled rapidly by,  
And I shrunk with dismay from the future's dark  
gloom ;  
Where the clay-fettered spirit must mourn till it die,  
And man has no rest save the rest of the tomb.

And yet I have revell'd in hope's fairy dream,  
And tasted the raptures of love's purest bliss ;  
Delusive are both, though alluring they seem,  
Like vapours that gleam o'er a hidden abyss.  
The proud thirst of glory was mine from my birth ;  
But what can this world to ambition display,  
Which grasps at the skies, but is bounded by earth,  
A spirit of fire in a prison of clay !

And now I have heard of a nobler renown,  
A kingdom unfading, a glory divine ;  
But the humble alone shall inherit the crown,  
And how shall that kingdom of glory be mine ?  
Let my strength turn to weakness, my honour to shame,  
The reproach of the cross be my earthly reward ;  
All—all shall be welcome for one blessed name,  
The lowly disciple of Jesus the Lord.

ANONYMOUS.

OH WEEP NOT, THOUGH WEARY AND  
WILD IS THY LOT.

OH ! weep not, tho' weary and wild is thy lot,  
And tho' storms may be gathering around ;  
There is *one* who can shield from the hurricane's wrath,  
And that *one* may ever be found.  
He is with thee, around thee ; He lists to thy cry,  
And thy tears are recorded by Him ;  
A pillar of light He will be to thine eye,  
Whose brightness no shadow can dim.

Oh ! follow it still, thro' the darkness of night,  
In safety 'twill lead to the morrow ;  
'Tis not like the meteors of earth's fickle light,  
Often quench'd in delusion and sorrow.  
But pure is the beam and unfading the ray,  
And the tempests pass o'er it in vain ;  
When the mists of this world are all vanish'd away,  
In its brightness it still will remain.

And weep not that none are around thee to love,  
When a Father is with thee to bless ;  
And if griefs have exalted thy spirit above,  
Oh ! say, would'st thou wish for one less ?



He is with thee whose favour for ever is life ;  
Could a mortal heart guard thee so well ?  
Oh ! hush the vain wish, calm thy bosom's wild strife,  
And forbid e'en thy thoughts to rebel.

ANONYMOUS.

A FRAGMENT FOUND IN A CASE CON-  
TAINING A HUMAN SKELETON.

Behold this ruin ! 'twas a scull,  
Once of ethereal spirit full ;  
This narrow cell was life's retreat,  
This space was thought's mysterious seat.  
What beauteous pictures filled this spot,  
What scenes of pleasure long forgot ;  
Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear,  
Have left one trace or record here.

Within this silent cavern hung  
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue,  
If falsehood's honey it disdained,  
And where it could not praise was chained.  
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,  
And gentle concord never broke,  
That tuneful tongue will plead for thee  
When death unveils eternity !



Beneath this mould'ring canopy,  
Once roll'd the bright and busy eye.  
But start not at the dismal void,  
If social love that eye employed ;  
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,  
But through the dew of kindness beamed,  
That eye shall be for ever bright,  
When stars and suns have lost their light.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,  
Or with its envied rubies shine ?  
To hew the rock, or wear the gem,  
Can nothing now avail to them.  
But if the page of truth they sought,  
And comfort to the mourner brought,  
Those hands a richer meed shall claim,  
Than all that waits on wealth or fame.

Avails it, whether bare or shod,  
These feet the path of duty trod ?  
If from the bowers of joy they fled  
To soothe affliction's humble bed ;  
If vice's guilty path they spurned,  
And home to virtue's lap returned ;  
Those feet with angel wings shall vie,  
And tread the palace of the sky.

ANONYMOUS.

“ NEITHER DO I CONDEMN THEE : GO  
AND SIN NO MORE.”

St. John, chap. viii.

Oh woman ! if by artful wile,  
Thy soul has strayed from honour's track,  
'Tis mercy only can beguile  
And win the erring wanderer back.  
The stain that on thy virtue lies,  
Washed by thy tears may yet decay,  
As clouds that sully morning skies  
May all be swept in showers away.  
Go, go, be innocent, and live ;  
The tongues of men may wound thee sore,  
But heaven in mercy can forgive,  
And bid thee “ go and sin no more.”

ANONYMOUS.

THERE'S NOT A JOY THE WORLD CAN  
GIVE.

There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes  
away,  
When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's  
dull decay ;

'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek alone the blush  
which fades so fast ;  
But the tender bloom of youth is gone ere youth itself  
be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of  
happiness  
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt, or oceans of excess ;  
The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in  
vain  
The shore to which their shivered sail shall never  
stretch again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul, like death itself  
comes down ;  
It cannot feel for other's woes, it dares not dream its  
own.  
That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our  
tears ;  
And tho' the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the ice  
appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth dis-  
tract the breast,  
Through midnight hours that yield no more their for-  
mer hope of rest ;

'Tis but as ivy leaves around the ruin'd turret wreath,  
All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and  
grey beneath.

Oh ! could I feel as I have felt, or be what I have  
been,  
Or weep as I could once have wept o'er many a va-  
nished scene ;  
As springs in deserts found, seem sweet, all brackish  
though they be,  
So midst the withered waste of life those tears would  
flow to me.

BYRON.

## STANZAS.

Whene'er I see those smiling eyes  
All filled with hope, and joy, and light,  
As if no cloud could ever rise  
To dim a heaven so purely bright,  
I sigh to think how soon that brow  
In grief may lose its every ray,  
And that light heart so joyous now,  
Almost forget it once was gay.

For Time will come with all its blights,  
The ruin'd hope, the friend unkind,

And Love, who leaves where'er he lights  
A chill'd or burning heat behind ;  
And Youth, that like fair snow appears,  
E'er sullied by the darkening rain,  
When once they're touch'd by sorrow's tears,  
Will never shine so bright again.

ANONYMOUS.

WRITTEN ON A SUMMER'S EVENING.

I look'd on the moon, I look'd on the sky,  
And all seemed contentment and gladness ;  
I look'd on the sea-fowl as it passed by,  
And it bore not a feature of sadness ;  
I look'd on the sun, as he sunk from on high,  
But gave a bright hope for to-morrow ;  
He glanc'd on the scene with a lingering eye,  
Like a smile from the visage of sorrow.

Oh ! beautiful then was the tremulous star  
That rose like a watch on the ocean ;  
And sweet was the music that came from afar  
On the heavenly wings of devotion.  
For nature around in her loveliness smil'd,  
And the sun had just ceased from his duty,  
He sunk to his rest like an innocent child  
Asleep on the bosom of beauty.

But the scene is now past, yet its splendour remains

To hallow the hour that array'd it ;  
To dwell on the heart, and while memory reigns, '  
To bless the pure spirit who made it ;  
And oh ! when I venture on life's downward slope,  
May I meet it with joyful emotion,  
Beholding the heavenly vision of hope,  
“ Like a star on eternity's ocean.”

### ON THE LITTLE FLOWER “FORGET ME NOT.”

Tell me my Emma, why this flower  
A talisman doth bear,  
And tell me why I love to wreath  
Its blossoms in thy hair.

It is because because this little flower  
Which grows upon the lea,  
Has in its simple name, the power  
To ask a boon for me.

Yes ! when I'm gone, and far away  
From thee and this dear spot,  
I'll leave my pretty flower to say,  
“ Emma ! Forget me not !”

B. WILSON.

## HEBREWS iv. 15.

“ For we have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.”

When gathering clouds around I view,  
And days are dark, and friends are few,  
On Him I lean, who not in vain,  
Experienc'd every human pain.  
He sees my wants, allays my fears,  
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul astray  
From heavenly virtue's narrow way,  
To fly the good I would pursue,  
And do the sin I would not do ;  
Still He who felt temptation's pow'r  
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,  
Deceived by those I prized too well ;  
He shall His pitying aid bestow  
Who felt on earth severer woe.  
At once betrayed, denied, or fled  
By all who shar'd His daily bread.



When vexing thoughts within me rise,  
And sore dismay'd my spirit dies ;  
Then He who once vouchsafed to hear  
The sick'ning anguish of despair,  
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry  
The throbbing heart, and streaming eye.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,  
Which covers all that was a friend ;  
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,  
Divides me for a little while ;  
Thou Saviour see'st the tears I shed,  
For Thou hast wept o'er Lazarus dead.

And, oh ! when I have safely past  
Thro' every conflict but the last,  
Still, still unchanging, watch beside  
My painful bed, for Thou hast died,  
To guide to realms of endless day,  
And wipe the latest tear away.

MRS. L. GRANT.

## TO MARY, ON RECEIVING HER PICTURE.

This faint resemblance of thy charms,  
Tho' strong as mortal art could give,  
My constant heart of fear disarms,  
Revives my hopes and bids me live.



There I can trace the locks of gold  
Which round thy snowy forehead wave ;  
The cheek which sprung from beauty's mould,  
The lip that made me beauty's slave.

Here I can trace, ah, no ! that eye  
Whose azure floats in liquid fire  
Must all the painter's art defy,  
And bid him from the task retire.

Here I behold its beauteous hue ;  
But where's the beam so sweetly straying ?  
Which gave a lustre to its blue,  
Like Luna o'er the ocean playing.

Sweet copy ! far more dear to me,  
Lifeless, unfeeling as thou art,  
Than all the living forms would be,  
Save thee who placed it next my heart.

She placed it sad with needless fear,  
Lest time might shake my wav'ring soul,  
Unconscious that her image there  
Held every sense in fast control.

Thro' hours—thro' years—thro' time 'twill cheer,  
My hope in gloomy moments raise ;  
In life's last conflict 'twill appear,  
And meet my fond expiring gaze.

BYRON.

## I SAW THEE WEEP.

I saw thee weep, the big bright tear  
Came o'er that eye of blue ;  
And then methinks it did appear  
A violet dropping dew.  
I saw the smile—the sapphire's blaze  
Beside thee ceased to shine ;  
It could not match the living rays  
That filled that glance of thine.

As clouds from yonder sun receive  
A deep and mellow dye,  
Which scarce the shade of coming eve  
Can banish from the sky ;  
Those smiles into the modest mind  
Thine own pure joy impart ;  
Their sunshine leaves a glow behind  
That brightens o'er the heart.

BYRON.

ON THE MIRACLE OF CHRIST'S TURN-  
ING WATER INTO WINE.

The modest water, touch'd by grace divine,  
Confess'd its God, and blush'd itself to wine.

## THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

The muffled drum rolled on the air,  
Warriors with stately step were there,  
On every arm was the black crape bound,  
Every carbine was turned to the ground ;  
Solemn the sound of the measured tread,  
As silent and slow they followed the dead ;  
The horse unrode was led in the rear,  
There were white plumes waving o'er the bier.  
Helmet and sword were laid on the pall,  
For it was a soldier's funeral.  
That soldier had stood on the battle plain,  
Where every step was over the slain ;  
But the sword and the ball had pass'd him by,  
And he came to his native land to die.  
'Twas hard to come to that native land,  
And not clasp one familiar hand ;  
'Twas hard to be numbered amid the dead,  
Before he could hear his welcome said.

But 'twas something to see its cliffs once more,  
And to lay his bones on his own lov'd shore ;  
To think the friends of his youth might weep  
O'er the green grass turf of the soldier's sleep.

The bugles now ceased their wailing sound,  
As the coffin was lowered into the ground ;  
A volley was fired, a blessing was said,  
One moment's pause, and they left the dead.

I saw a poor and an aged man,  
His step was feeble, his lip was wan ;  
He knelt him down on the new-raised mound,  
His face was bowed on the cold damp ground ;  
He raised his head, his tears were done,  
The father had pray'd o'er his only son !

ANONYMOUS.

### HOME.

Home, word delightful to the heart of man,  
And bird, and beast, small word, yet not the less  
Significant—comprising all !  
Whatever to affection is most dear,  
Is all included in that little word—  
Wife, children, father, mother, brother, friend.

## STANZAS.

A beam of tranquillity smil'd in the west,  
The storms of the morning pursued us no more ;  
And the wave, while it welcom'd the moment of rest,  
Still heav'd as remembering the ills that were o'er.

Serenely my heart took the hue of the hour,  
Its passions were sleeping, were mute as the dead,  
And the spirit becalm'd, still remembered their power,  
As the billow the force of the gale that was fled.

I thought of the days when to pleasure alone,  
My heart ever granted a wish or a sigh,  
When the saddest emotion my bosom had known  
Was pity for those who were wiser than I.

I felt how the pure intellectual fire  
In luxury loses its heavenly ray ;  
How soon in the lavishing cup of desire  
The pearl of the soul may be melted away.

And I prayed of that spirit who lighted the flame,  
That pleasure no more might its purity dim ;  
And that sullied but little, or brightly the same,  
I might give back the gem I had borrow'd from Him

The thought was extatic ! I felt as if Heaven  
Had already the wreath of eternity shown,  
As if passion all chasten'd, and error forgiven,  
My heart had begun to be freely its own.

I looked to the west, and the beautiful sky  
Which morning had clouded, was clouded no more :  
“ Oh thus,” I exclaimed, “ can a heavenly eye  
Shed light on the soul that was darkened before.”

MOORE.

### WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?

In parting, perhaps we are breaking a link,  
Which may ne'er be united again ;  
And firm as that chain is, 'tis painful to think  
That absence may rend it in twain.

Oh ! when shall we meet ? perhaps not until time  
Shall have withered our hearts with our bloom,  
And where ? In some strange, and some far distant  
clime,  
Or within the dear circle at home ?

When together we dwell, and together decay,  
The change is less painful to view ;  
But oh ! it is mournful to meet and to say,  
Was it *thou* who last bade me adieu ?

We may meet, or in sickness, or sorrow, or pain,  
Or no more in this wide world of woe ;  
But still the fond thought of once meeting again  
Shall cheer us wherever we go.

Perhaps in some populous haunt we may meet,  
'Mid the laugh and the song, and the jest ;  
Or perhaps in some lonely and sylvan retreat,  
Where feeling hath room in the breast.

And oh ! we may meet when our hearts are less warm,  
When they're chill'd by adversity's blast ;  
But cold though they be, an invincible charm  
Must hallow the scenes that are past.

We shall think of the days with those friends we have  
seen,  
And in fancy live o'er them once more ;  
And sighing, remember that such things have been,  
But still they seem bright as before !

Ah no ! even then to our mem'ry shall steal  
Some scenes, which with these may compare,  
And many a sorrow which they did not feel,  
And a joy in which they had no share.



Thus in parting, perhaps we are breaking a link  
Which can ne'er be united again,  
And firm as that chain is, 'tis painful to think  
That absence can rend it in twain.

ANONYMOUS.

### TIME AND ETERNITY.

Remark, my soul, the narrow bound  
Of each revolving year ;  
How swift the weeks complete their round,  
How short the months appear.

So fast eternity comes on,  
And that important day,  
When all that mortal man has done  
God's judgment shall repay.

Great God, awake this trifling heart  
Its great concern to see ;  
That I may choose the better part,  
And wholly live to thee.

Thus shall their course more grateful roll,  
If future years arise ;  
Or this shall bear my willing soul  
To joy that never dies.

ANONYMOUS.



## REMEMBRANCE.

When the soft tear steals silently down from the eye,  
Take no note of its course, nor detect the low sigh ;  
From some spring of soft sorrow its origin flows,  
Some tender remembrance that weeps as it goes.

Ah ! 'tis not to say what will bring to the mind,  
The joys that are past, and the friends left behind ;  
A tune, or a song, or the time of the year,  
Strikes the key of reflection, and moans on the ear.

Thro' the gay scenes of youth the remembrance oft  
    strays,  
Till mem'ry steps back on past pleasures to gaze ;  
Fleeting shades, now they seem, that glide lightly away,  
The remains of past hours, and the ghost of each day.

Let the tear drop in silence, nor mark the full eye,  
The soul's secret off'ring no mortal should spy,  
Few souls are prepar'd for a rite so divine,  
When the feelings alone sacrifice at the shrine.

ANONYMOUS.

## HOME.

Where burns the lov'd hearth brightest,  
Cheering the social breast,

Where beats the fond heart lightest,  
Its humble hopes possess;  
Where is the smile of sadness  
Of meek eyed patience born,  
Worth more than those of gladness  
Which mirth's bright cheek adorn ?  
Pleasure is mark'd by fleetness  
To those who ever roam,  
While grief itself has sweetness  
At home ! dear home !

There blend the ties that strengthen  
Our hearts in hours of grief,  
The silver links that strengthen  
Joy's visits when most brief.  
There eyes in all their splendour  
Are vocal to the heart,  
And glances gay or tender,  
Fresh eloquence impart.  
Then dost thou sigh for pleasure,  
Oh ! do not widely roam,  
But seek that hidden treasure  
At home ! dear home !

Does pure religion charm thee,  
Far more than ought below,

Would'st thou that she should arm thee  
Against the hour of woe ?  
Think not she dwelleth only  
In temples built for prayer,  
For home itself is lonely  
Unless her smiles be there.  
The devotee may falter,  
The bigot widely roam,  
If worshipless her altar  
At home ! dear home !

Love over it presideth,  
With meek and watchful awe,  
Its daily service guideth  
And shows its perfect law.  
If there thy faith shall fail thee,  
If there no shrine be found,  
What can thy prayers avail thee,  
With kneeling crowds around ?  
Go ! leave thy gift unoffered  
Beneath religion's dome,  
And be her first fruits proffered  
At home ! dear home !

BERNARD BARTON.

## RETROSPECTION.

As slow our ship, with foamy track,  
Against the wind was clearing,  
Her trembling pennant still look'd back  
To that dear isle 'twas leaving.  
So loth we part from all we love,  
From all the links that bind us,  
So turn our hearts where'er we rove  
To those we've left behind us.

When round the bowl, of vanish'd years  
We talk with joyous seeming,  
And smiles that might as well be tears,  
So faint, so sad their beaming ;  
While mem'ry brings us back again  
Each early tie that twin'd us,  
Oh ! sweet's the cup that circles then,  
To those we've left behind us.

As trav'lers oft look back at eve,  
When eastward darkly going,  
To gaze upon that light they leave  
Still faint behind them glowing ;  
So when the close of pleasure's day  
To gloom hath near consign'd us,

We turn to catch one fading ray  
Of joy that's left behind us.

And when in other climes we meet,  
Some isle or vale enchanting,  
Where all looks flow'ry, wild, and sweet,  
And nought but love is wanting ;  
We think how great had been our bliss,  
If heav'n had but assign'd us,  
To live and die in scenes like this,  
With some we've left behind us.

ANONYMOUS.

### ON A LAMENTED BROTHER.

Thou art gone to the grave ! but we will not deplore  
thee,

Though sorrows and darkness encompass the gloom,  
For the Saviour hath pass'd through its portal before  
thee,

And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the  
gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave ! we no longer behold thee,  
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side ;  
But the wide arms of mercy are stretch'd to enfold  
thee,

And sinners may hope, since the sinless hath died.

Thou art gone to the grave! and its mansion forsaking,  
Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt linger'd long ;  
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy  
waking,  
And the sound which thou heard'st was the sera-  
phim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave ! but 'twere vain to deplore  
thee,  
Since God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy guide ;  
He gave thee, He took thee, and He shall restore thee,  
And death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

HELEN.

### ELEGY ON AN IDIOT GIRL.

Who, helpless, hapless thing, a flower  
Shall strew upon thy humble grave,  
And who from mute oblivion's pow'r  
Thy disregarded name shall save ?

Honour and wealth, and learning's store,  
The votive urn remembers long,  
And e'en the annals of the poor  
Live in their bard's immortal song.

But a blank stone best stories thee,  
Whom sense, nor wealth, nor fame could find ;  
Poorer than aught beside, we see  
A human form without a mind.

A casket gemless ! yet for thee  
Pity suspends the tender wail ;  
For reason shall a moral see,  
While mem'ry paints thy simple tale.

Yes ! it shall paint her humble form  
Clad decent in the simple weed,  
Happy in harmless wandering's charm,  
And pleased her father's flock to feed.

With vacant, reckless smile she bore  
Patient, the scorner's cruel jest ;  
With unfix'd gaze would pass it o'er,  
And turn it pointless from her breast.

Her tongue unable to display  
The unformed chaos of her mind ;  
No sense its sounds could e'er convey,  
But to parental instinct kind.

Still close to every human form,  
Clings imitation's mimic pow'r,



And she was fond and proud to own  
The school-time's regulated hour.

And o'er the mutilated page,  
Mutter'd the seeming lesson's tone,  
And ere the scholar's task was said,  
Brought ever and anon her own.

And many a truant boy would seek,  
And drag reluctant to his place ;  
And e'en the master's solemn rule  
Would mock with apt and grave grimace.

Each heart humane could freely love  
A nature so estrang'd from wrong ;  
And even infants would protect  
Her from the passing trav'ler's tongue.

But her prime joy was still to be  
Where holy congregations bow,  
Rapt in wild transport while they sung,  
And when they pray'd would bend her low.

Oh nature ! wheresoe'er thou art,  
Some latent worship still is there ;  
Blush ye ! whose form without a heart  
The idiot's plea can never share.



Poor guileless thing ! just eighteen years,  
Parental care had rear'd alone ;  
Then (lest thou e'er should want those cares)  
Heaven took thee spotless to its own.

Full many a watching look of love  
Thy sickness and thy death did cheer ;  
And reason, while she joys, approves  
The instinct of a parent's tear.

Poor guileless thing ! forgot by men,  
That grassy turf directs to thee ;  
'Tis all thou art of mortal ken,  
But faith beyond the grave can see.

For what a burst of mind shall glow,  
When disencumber'd of this clod ;  
Thou who on earth could'st nothing know,  
Shalt rise to comprehend thy God.

Oh ! could thy spirit teach us now,  
Full many a truth the gay might learn ;  
The value of a blameless brow,  
Full many a scorner might discern.

Yes ! they might learn who waste their time,  
What it must be to know no sin ;

They who pollute their soul's sweet prime,  
What to be spotless pure within.

Go then ! and seek her humble grave,  
All ye who sport in Folly's ray ;  
And as the gale the grass shall wave,  
List to a voice that seems to say,

“ 'Tis not the measure of your powers,  
To which the eternal meed is given ;  
'Tis wasted or improved hours,  
That forfeit, or secure you Heaven.”

ANONYMOUS.

## THE SETTING SUN.

TUNE, “ THE EVENING BELLS.”

That setting sun ! that setting sun !  
What scenes since first its race begun  
Of varied hue its eye hath seen,  
That are as they had never been.

That setting sun ! full many a gaze  
Hath dwelt upon its fading rays ;  
With sweet according thought sublime,  
In every eye, in every clime.

'Tis sweet to mark thee sinking slow,  
In ocean's fabled cave below ;  
And when the obscuring night is done,  
To see thee rise, sweet setting sun.

So when my pulses cease to play,  
Serenely close my evening day,  
That I may rise, death's slumber done,  
Glorious like *thee*, sweet setting sun !

ANONYMOUS.

### LOVE'S WREATH.

When Love was a child, and went idling round  
Among flowers the whole summer's day,  
One morn in the valley a bower he found,  
So sweet, it allured him to stay.

O'er head from the trees hung a garland fair,  
A fountain ran darkly beneath ;  
'Twas Pleasure that hung the bright flowers up there,  
Love knew it and jumped at the wreath.

But Love did not know, and at his weak years,  
What urchin was likely to know,  
That sorrow had made of her own salt tears,  
That fountain which murmured below ?

He caught at the wreath, but with too much haste,  
As boys when impatient will do ;  
It fell in those waters of briny taste,  
And the flowers were all wet through.

Yet this is the wreath he wears night and day ;  
And though it all sunny appears  
With Pleasure's own lustre, each leaf, they say,  
Still tastes of the fountain of tears.

MOORE.

## MUSINGS.

Yet a few years or days perhaps,  
Or moments pass in silent lapse,  
And time with me shall be no more.  
No more the sun these eyes shall view,  
Earth o'er these limbs her dust shall strew,  
And life's delusive dream be o'er.

Great God ! how awful is the scene,  
A breath, a transient breath between,  
And can I trifle life away ?  
To earth alas ! too firmly bound,  
Trees deeply rooted in the ground,  
Are shiver'd when they're torn away.

Yet dumb with wonder, I behold  
Man's thoughtless race in error bold,  
    Forget or scorn the laws of death ;  
Bewildered, lost in Folly's maze,  
And dreaming still of endless days,  
    Each thinks he draws immortal breath.

Great cause of all !—above, below,  
Who knows Thee—must for ever know  
    That Thou'rt immortal and divine.  
Thine image on my soul imprest,  
Of endless being is the test,  
    And bids eternity be mine.

ANONYMOUS.

WRITTEN UNDER DOUBT AND ANXIETY  
OF MIND.

Oh Thou ! whose piercing eye surveys,  
    The inmost secrets of my soul ;  
Oh ! guide me in Thy sacred ways,  
    And all my actions, Lord, control.

Wisely to choose is my desire,  
    But oh ! do Thou that choice direct ;

And let Thy grace my soul inspire,  
The false pretender to detect.

My future happiness or woe,  
Upon my present choice depend ;  
Show me the way I ought to go,  
And be my Father and my Friend.

Let not this treacherous heart of mine,  
To inclination yield the sway ;  
But unto Thee my fate resign,  
And wait till Thou shall point the way.

ANONYMOUS.

### THE PARTING.

Farewell ! we shall not meet again  
As we are parting now ;  
I must my beating heart restrain,  
Must veil my burning brow !  
Oh ! I must coldly learn to hide  
One thought—all else above,  
Must call upon my woman's pride,  
To hide my woman's love !  
Check dreams I never may avow,  
Be free, be careless, cold as thou !

Oh ! there are tears of bitterness,  
    Wrung from the breaking heart ;  
When two blest in their tenderness,  
    Must learn to live apart.  
But what are they to that lone sigh,  
    That cold and fixed despair ;  
That weight of wasted agony,  
    It must be mine to bear ?  
Methinks I should not thus repine,  
If I had but one vow of thine :  
I could forgive inconstancy,  
To be one moment loved by thee.

With me the hope of life is gone,  
    The sun of joy is set ;  
One wish my soul still dwells upon,  
    The wish it could forget.  
I would forget that look, that tone  
My heart hath all too dearly known ;  
    But who could ever yet efface  
    From memory love's enduring trace ?  
All may revolt, all may complain,  
But who is there may break the chain ?  
Farewell ! I shall not be to thee  
    More than a passing thought ;  
But every time and place will be  
    With thy remembrance fraught.



Farewell ! we have not often met,  
We may not meet again ;  
But on my heart the seal is set,  
Love never sets in vain.  
Fruitless as constancy may be,  
No chance, no change may turn from thee,  
One who has loved thee wildly well,  
But whose first love-vow breathed farewell !

ANONYMOUS.

### TO-MORROW.

How sweet to the heart is the thought of To-morrow,  
When hope's fairy pictures bright colours display ;  
How sweet when we can from futurity borrow  
A balm for the griefs that afflict us To-day !

When wearisome sickness has taught me to languish  
For health and the comforts it bears on its wing,  
Let me hope ! Oh ! how soon it would lessen my anguish  
That To-morrow will ease and serenity bring.

When trav'ling alone, quite forlorn, unbefriended,  
Sweet hope ! that To-morrow my wanderings will  
cease,  
That at home then with care sympathetic attended,  
I shall rest unmolested, and slumber in peace.



Ah ! when from the friends of my heart long divided,  
The fond expectation with joy how replete,  
That from far distant regions by Providence guided,  
To-morrow may see us most happily meet.

When six days of labour each other succeeding,  
With hurry and toil have my spirits depressed,  
What pleasure to think as the last is receding,  
To-morrow will be a sweet Sabbath of rest !

And when the vain shadows of time are retiring,  
When life is fast fleeting and death is in sight ;  
The Christian believing, exulting, expiring,  
Beholds a To-morrow of endless delight.

But the Infidel then, he sees no To-morrow,  
Yet he knows that his moments are hastening away ;  
Poor wretch ! can he feel without heart-rending sorrow,  
That his joys and his life will expire with To-day ?

ANONYMOUS.

### TO MY HUSBAND, IN ADVERSITY.

Thou, thou wast ever only dear,  
In joy or sorrow, peace or danger ;

Then start not love ! 'tis but a tear,  
Then start not at a trembling stranger.  
I weep not for the wealth we had,  
Or fashion's idle splendor fled ;  
No, No ! 'tis that thou lookest sad,  
'Tis for thy sighs so oft repeated.

Thou dear one smile, as once thou smil'd,  
If but for me thy tears are flowing ;  
Some little cot, lone, simple, wild,  
Where simple flowers around are growing,  
Shall shine a palace proud to me,  
If thou art there to point my duty ;  
Delightful scene ! while blest by thee,  
Each morn shall breathe of peace and beauty.

Though cheeks that glowed and hearts that vowed,  
Are gone, when fortune fails to cheer thee,  
Yet love ! far happier from the crowd,  
One heart unchanged is beating near thee :  
Though all those sunshine friends are flown,  
Who thronged our blooming summer bower ;  
Oh ! say not thou art all alone,  
I'll share, I'll cheer this adverse hour.

Nay ! sigh not thus, though thou dost see  
Tears wrap my cheek in pensive sadness ;

'Tis ecstasy to mourn with thee,  
Bid thee yet hope for days of gladness.  
Wealth is not bliss, look brightly round,  
Recall past scenes of peace and pleasure,  
When on Passaic's bank we found  
Love, simple love, life's truest treasure.

And love, true love, doth yet remain  
With thy fond wife's unaltered bosom ;  
Nor wilt thou feel regret or pain,  
While heaven leaves one unfading blossom :  
Oh ! thou art lovelier far to me,  
Far lovelier in this hour of sorrow ;  
For I can think of only thee,  
Wish for thy sake a brighter morrow.

ANONYMOUS.

### BREVITY OF LIFE.

Swift fly the years, and swift as they  
The fleeting life of man,  
With truth the moralist may say  
His life is but a span.

But here the moralist must stop,  
And sad his word appears,  
If in this world alone there's hope,  
Oh ! give me length of years.

'Tis thus with pain the worldling sees  
That time makes no delay ;  
One year and then another flies,  
And steals his life away.

O Lord ! if we be Thine indeed,  
Why love these earthly toys,  
Why do our gross affections plead  
For sublunary joys ?

O send Thy spirit from above,  
And set Thy people free ;  
Our glorious calling let us prove,  
By leaving all for Thee.

And as the circling years revolve,  
'Twill hasten on the day,  
When Thou those bodies wilt dissolve  
And bear our souls away.

ANONYMOUS.

## CONTEMPLATION AT NIGHT : CALCULATED TO EXCITE HUMILITY.

Why from yon arch,—that infinite of space  
With infinite of lucid orbs replete,  
Which set the living firmament on fire

At the first glance, in such an overwhelm  
Of wonderful—on man's astonished sight  
Rushes Omnipotence? To curb our pride,  
Our reason rouse, and lead it to that power  
Whose love lets down their silver chains of light  
To draw up man's ambition to himself,  
And bind our chaste affections to his throne.

Thus the three virtues least alive on earth,  
And welcom'd on heav'n's coast with most applause,  
An humble, pure, and heav'nly minded heart,  
Are here inspir'd, and cans't thou gaze too long?  
J. H.

TO MARY, OCCASIONED BY HER HAVING  
ENGRAVEN ON A SEAL THE WORDS  
“FORGET ME NOT.”

Forget thee, Mary! no, not yet,  
Too pleasing is the pensive debt  
Which mem'ry owes to thee;  
Not out of mind, though out of sight,  
While retrospection claims her right,  
And friendship can afford delight,  
From all such fears be free.

For who could mem'ry's magic art  
Wish to enshrine within the heart ?

Oh ! would it not be one  
Simple, ingenuous, modest, meek,  
Whose praise we scarcely dare to speak,  
Though much her eye and changing cheek  
Have our affections won ?

Whose gentle manners, void of art,  
Can cheer and charm that wounded heart

Which beauty could not bow :  
Such live in memory's ear and eye,  
Endear'd by many a tender tie,  
And though remote, are ever nigh,  
And such, dear friend, art thou.

Yet, lovely, as thou art, not thine  
The praise alone : for this one line

I know thou'lt not reprove me ;  
Young as thou art, thou know'st from whence  
Thy brightest charms of soul and sense ;  
Be He who gave them their defence,  
And all who know must love thee.

BERNARD BARTON.

## ECCLESIASTES XII.

When the heart's functions are for ever o'er,  
When sinks the purple flood to rise no more,  
When at the fount the pitcher useless lies,  
When the wheel's broken, and the cistern dries,  
When the fine silver cord shall feel the stroke  
Of separation—when for ever broke  
From its connection with the golden bowl,  
The seat of thought, the empire of the soul ;  
When the pulsation feebly beats its last,  
Then ends vitality, and all is past !  
Then goes the body to its native dust,  
From thence it came, and thence return it must ;  
Then disencumbered from its house of clay,  
Back to its God the spirit wings its way !

M.

## GOD THE ONLY GUIDE.

Author of good ! we rest on Thee ;  
Thine ever watchful eye  
Alone our real wants can see,  
Thy hand alone supply.

Oh ! let Thy power within us dwell,  
Thy love our footsteps guide ;



That love shall vainer loves expel,  
That fear all fears beside.

And since by passion's force subdued,  
Too oft with stubborn will,  
We blindly shun the latent good,  
And grasp the specious ill.

Not what we wish, but what we want,  
Let mercy still supply ;  
The good unasked, let mercy grant,  
The ill, tho' asked, deny.

ANONYMOUS.

### CONVERSE OF SOULS.

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,  
Descend to contemplate  
The form that once was dear.  
Feed not on thoughts so loathly horrible !  
The spirit is not there  
That kindled that dead eye,  
That throbb'd in that cold heart,  
That in that stiffen'd hand  
Has met thy friendly grasp,  
The spirit is not there !



It is but lifeless perishable flesh  
That moulders in the grave,  
Earth, air, and water, minist'ring particles,  
Now to the elements dissolved,  
Their uses done.

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,  
Follow thy friend belov'd,  
The spirit is not there !

Often together have we talked of death !  
How sweet it were to see  
All doubtful things made clear !  
How sweet it were with powers  
Such as the cherubim's  
To view the depth of heaven !  
Oh ! thou hast first begun  
The travel of eternity !  
I gaze amid the stars,  
And think that thou art there

Unfetter'd as the thoughts that follow thee !  
And we've oft said, how sweet it were  
With unseen ministry of angel pow'r,  
To watch the friends we loved.

Henry, we did not err.

Sure I have felt thy presence ! thou hast given

A birth to holy thought ;  
Hast kept me from the world, unstain'd and pure.  
Oh no! we did not err,  
Our best affections here,  
They are not like the toys of infancy !  
The soul outgrows them not,  
We do not cast them off ;  
Oh if it could be so  
It were indeed a dreadful thing to die.

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,  
Follow thy friend belov'd !  
But in the lonely hour,  
But in the evening walk,  
Think that he companies thy solitude,  
Think that he holds with thee  
Mysterious intercourse ;  
And though remembrance wake a tear,  
There will be joy in grief.

ANONYMOUS.

## ABSENCE.

'Tis not the loss of love's assurance,  
It is not doubting what thou art ;  
But 'tis the too, too long endurance

Of absence that afflicts the heart.  
The fondest thoughts two hearts can cherish,  
When each is lonely, doom'd to weep,  
Are fruits on desert isles that perish,  
Or wishes buried in the deep.

What though untouch'd by jealous madness,  
Our bosom's peace may fall to wreck,  
Th' undoubting heart that breaks with sadness,  
Is but more slowly doom'd to break.  
Absence!—is not the soul torn by it,  
From more than light or life or breath?  
'Tis Lethe's gloom without th' quiet,  
The pain without the peace of death.

CAMPBELL.

## THE ROSE.

The rose, the sweetly blooming rose,  
Ere from the tree 'tis torn,  
Is like the charm which beauty shows  
In life's exulting morn.

But oh! how soon its sweets are gone,  
How soon it withering lies;  
So, when the eve of life comes on,  
The loveliest beauty dies.

Then since the fairest form that's made,  
Soon withering we shall find,  
Let us possess what ne'er will fade,  
The beauties of the mind.

ANONYMOUS.

## PSALM LIV.

God our kind master, merciful as just,  
Knowing our frame, remembers man is dust ;  
His ear is open to the mourner's cry,  
His grace descends to meet the lifted eye.

He reads the language of the silent tear,  
And sighs are incense from a heart sincere ;  
He marks the dawn of every virtuous aim,  
And fans the smoking flax into a flame.

Oh ! set me from all earthly bondage free,  
Still every wish that centres not in Thee ;  
Bid my fond hopes, my vain ambition cease,  
And point my path to everlasting peace.

ANONYMOUS.

## THE BIBLE.

Hail sacred volume of eternal truth !  
Thou staff of age ! thou guide of wandering youth ;

Thou art the race that all who run shall win,  
Thou the sole shield against the darts of sin ;  
Thou giv'st the weary rest, the poor man wealth,  
Strength to the weak, and to the sickly health.  
Lead me, my King, my Saviour, and my God,  
Through all those paths Thy sainted servant trod,  
Teach me Thy two-fold nature to explore,  
Copy the human, the divine adore.  
To mark thro' life the profit and the loss,  
And trace Thee from the manger to the cross ;  
Give me to know the medium of the wise,  
When to embrace the world, and when despise ;  
To wait with patience, to abound with fear,  
And walk between presumption and despair :  
Then shall Thy blood wash out the stain of guilt,  
And not in vain for even me be spilt.

ANONYMOUS.

## THE LIFE-BOAT.

'Tis sweet to behold, when the billows are sleeping,  
Some gay colour'd-bark heaving gracefully by,  
No damp on her deck, but her even-tides weeping,  
No breath in her sails, but the summer wind's sigh.

Yet who would not turn with a fonder emotion,  
To gaze on the life-boat, though rugged and torn,

Which often hath wafted o'er hills of the ocean,  
The last light of hope to the seamen forlorn ?

Oh ! grant that of those who in life's sunny slumbers,  
Around us like summer-barks idly have play'd,  
When storms are abroad, we may find in the number,  
One friend, like the life-boat, to fly to our aid.

ANONYMOUS.

### THE GLOW-WORM.

Poor insect ! while the day is high,  
With other worms content to lie,  
Nor court our curious sight ;  
Soon as the sun's last fires decay,  
Thou lightest up thy little ray,  
To cheer us through the night.

'Tis thus, true friendship in the gleam  
Of prosperous fortune's golden beam,  
Sits unobscur'd in shade ;  
But if distress the prospect cloud,  
She starts conspicuous from the cloud,  
To succour and to aid.

ANONYMOUS.

## FRIENDSHIP.

And can the flight of envious time  
Remove the image of a friend?  
Can changing place, or varying clime,  
The dear, delightful contract end?  
No!—knit in friendship's sacred tie,  
Days, months, and years shall vainly roll,  
They may demand the passing sigh,  
But dare not disunite the soul.

HOOLE.

## ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

The brightest gem that decks the sky,  
The sweetest flow'rs our fond hopes cherish;  
Tho' bright, are still the first to fly,  
Tho' sweet, are still the first to perish.

We mark'd that ray of living gold,  
The cloud approach'd—'twas gone for ever;  
We saw sweet beauty's bud unfold,  
And saw a blight the stem dis sever.

Back to its home that beam has fled,  
Pure as the source from whence 'twas given;



Transplanted to its native bed,  
That bud of beauty blooms in Heaven.

L. S. D.

### THE SAME.

Full many a flower is scattered by the breeze,  
And many a blossom shaken from the trees,  
And many a morning beam in tempest flies,  
And many a dew drop shines a while and dies ;  
But oftener far the dream that fancy weaves  
Of future joy and happiness deceives.

Oh ! see how soon the flowers of life decay,  
How soon terrestrial pleasures pass away ;  
This star of comfort for a moment given,  
Just rose on earth to set again in Heaven.  
Yet mourn not as of hope bereft, its doom,  
Nor water with thy tears its early tomb ;  
Redeemed to God from sin, releas'd from pain,  
Its life were punishment, its death is gain.

It is when those we love in death depart,  
That earth hath slightest hold upon the heart ;  
Hath not bereavement higher wishes taught,  
And purified from earth thine earth-born thought ?



I know it hath !—Hope then appear'd more dear,  
And Heaven's bright realms shone brighter through  
a tear ;  
Though it be hard to bid thy heart divide,  
And lay the gem of all thy love aside.

Faith tells thee, and it tells thee not in vain,  
That thou shalt meet thy infant yet again ;  
On seraph wings the new-born spirit flies,  
To brighter regions and serener skies ;  
And ere thou art aware the day may be,  
When to those skies thy babe shall welcome thee.

EDMENSTONE.

## THE CONTRAST.

————— And this is love ;  
Can you then say that love is happiness ?

There were two portraits : one was of a girl  
Just blushing into woman ; it was not  
A face of perfect beauty, but it had  
A most bewitching smile ; there was a glance  
Of such arch playfulness and innocence,  
That, as you looked, a pleasant feeling came  
O'er the heart, as when you hear a sound

Of cheerful music. Rich and glossy curls  
Were bound with roses ; and her sparkling eyes  
Gleam'd like Thalia's, when some quick device  
Of mirth is in her laugh. Her light step seemed  
Bounding upon the air, with all the life,  
The buoyant life of one untouched by sorrow.

There was another drawn in after years ;  
The face was young still, but its happy look  
Was gone : the cheek had lost its colour, and  
The lip its smile. The light that once had play'd  
Like sunshine in those eyes, was quench'd and dim,  
For tears had wasted it. Her long dark hair  
Floated upon her forehead in loose waves  
Unbraided, and upon her pale thin hand  
Her head was bent, as if in pain. No trace  
Was left of that sweet gaiety which once  
Seemed as if grief could not darken it, as care  
Would pass, and leave behind no memory.  
There was one whom she lov'd undoubtingly,  
As youth will ever love. He sought her smile,  
And said most gentle things, although he knew  
Another had his vows. Oh ! there are some  
Can trifle, in cold vanity, with all  
The warm soul's precious throbs, to whom it is  
A triumph that a fond devoted heart  
Is breaking for them. Who can bear to call

Young flowers into beauty, and then crush them ?  
Affections trampled on, and hopes destroyed,  
Tears wrung from very bitterness, and sighs  
That waste the breath of life—these all were hers  
Whose image is before me. She had given  
Life's hope to a most fragile bark, to love !  
'Twas wrecked, wrecked by love's treachery. She  
knew,  
Yet spoke not of his falsehood ; but the charm  
That bound her to existence was dispell'd.  
Her days are numbered. She is sleeping now.

ANONYMOUS.

## STANZAS.

There is a mystic thread of life,  
So closely wreathed with mine alone,  
That destiny's relentless knife  
At once must sever both or none.

There is a form on which those eyes  
Have often gazed with fond delight ;  
By day, that form their joy supplies,  
And dreams restore it through the night.

There is a lip which mine hath pressed,  
And none had ever pressed before ;

It vowed to make me sweetly blessed,  
And mine, mine only pressed it more.

There is a bosom all my own,  
Hath pillowed up this aching head ;  
A mouth which smiles on me alone ;  
An eye whose tears with mine are shed.

There are two hearts, whose movements thrill,  
In unison so closely sweet,  
That pulse to pulse responsive still,  
They both must heave, or cease to beat.

There are two hearts whose equal flow,  
In gentle streams so calmly run,  
That when they part—they part ! ah no !  
They cannot part. Their souls are one.

BYRON.

### OH ! COME TO THE TOMB.

Oh ! come to the tomb, where this form shall be laid,  
Where no woes shall molest it, no cold ones upbraid ;  
And give, fondly give there, a warm tear or two,  
For the heart that has shed more than millions for you.

Gild my tomb with the smile that in life I ador'd,  
Which often has life to my bosom restor'd ;

But oh ! let its sunbeam be blended with dew,  
As my last look will be when it lingers on you.

Then turn to the world, to its shadow or glare,  
And ask, has it got such a friend for you there,  
So fondly adoring, so ardently true,  
So madly devoted as I was to you ?

Then come to the tomb where these relics recline,  
The spirit has fled—but despise not the shrine ;  
And remember, that nothing but death could subdue  
The light of that shrine that burn'd only for you.

MISS MARY LEMAN REDE.

### THE FADED ROSE.

I do remember in a lovely spot,  
(Whose very beauty might be well forgot,)  
There was a rose, of nature's choicest growth,  
Such as the night-bird seeks, and makes her bower ;  
The breeze would sigh around it, as t'were loth  
To bear the perfume from so sweet a flower :  
The dew of heaven lov'd it, and the ray  
Of evening linger'd for its latest smile ;  
One would have deem'd that it could not decay,  
So lov'd, so sweetly nurtur'd, but the guile  
Of autumn night-winds stole its bloom away.

It died, and morning found a dewy gem,  
Hung as in mockery on the wither'd stem.

And there was one, a lovely, lovely one,  
Who faded like that rose ; the worm of grief,  
Of soul-hid sorrow that was told to none,  
Of every bitterness that mock'd relief,  
Prey'd on that lovely flower, and leaf by leaf  
It fell to nothingness ;—————  
—————Some thought she strove  
With that unslumbering serpent, blighted rose.

REUBEN.

### SIGHS.

There is a sigh, that half suppress'd,  
Seems scarce to heave the bosom fair ;  
It rises from the spotless breast,  
The first faint dawn of tender care.

There is a sigh, so soft, so sweet,  
It breathes not from the lip of woe ;  
'Tis heard where conscious lovers meet,  
Whilst yet untold, young passions glow.

There is a sigh, short, deep, and strong,  
That on the lip of rapture dies ;

It floats mild evening's shades along,  
When meets the fond consenting eyes.

There is a sigh that speaks regret,  
Yet seems scarce conscious of its pain ;  
It tells of bliss remembered yet,  
Of bliss that ne'er must wake again.

There is a sigh, that deeply breath'd,  
Bespeaks the bosom's secret woe ;  
It says the flowers that love has wreath'd,  
Are withered ne'er again to blow.

There is a sigh that slowly swells,  
Then deeply breathes its load of care ;  
It speaks that in the bosom dwells  
That last worse pang, fond love's despair.

ANONYMOUS.

### WRITTEN BENEATH A PICTURE.

Dear object of defeated care,  
Though now of Love, and thee bereft ;  
To reconcile me with despair,  
Thine image and my tears are left.



'Tis said with sorrow time can cope ;  
But this I feel can ne'er be true ;  
For by the death blow of my hope,  
My memory immortal grew.

BYRON.

## TO MARY.

Well ! thou art happy, and I feel  
That I should thus be happy too ;  
For still my heart regards thy weal,  
Warmly as it was wont to do.

Thy husband's blest, and 'twill impart  
Some pangs to view his happier lot ;  
But let them pass—oh ! how my heart  
Would hate him, if he loved thee not.

When late I saw thy favourite child,  
I thought my jealous heart would break ;  
But when the unconscious infant smil'd,  
I kissed it for its mother's sake.

I kissed it and repressed my sighs,  
Its father in its face I see ;



But then it had its mother's eyes,  
And they were all to love and me.

Mary, adieu ! I must away,  
While thou art blest I'll not repine ;  
But near thee I can never stay,  
My heart would soon again be thine.

Yet I was calm, I knew the time  
My breast would thrill before thy look ;  
But now, to tremble were a crime,  
We met, and not a nerve was shook.

I saw thee gaze upon my face,  
Yet met with no confusion there ;  
One only feeling could'st thou trace,  
The sullen calmness of despair.

Away ! away ! my early dream,  
Remembrance never must awake ;  
Oh ! where is Lethe's fabled stream ?  
My foolish heart, be still, or break.

BYRON.

## TO A FRIEND IN DISTRESS,

Who, when Henry reasoned with him, calmly asked,  
" If he did not feel for him."

" Do I not feel !" The doubt is keen as steel,  
Yea, I do feel, most exquisitely feel ;  
My heart can weep, when from my downcast eye  
I chase the tear, and stem the rising sigh.  
Deep buried there I close the rankling dart,  
And smile the most, when heaviest is my heart.  
On this I act, whatever pangs surround,  
'Tis magnanimity to hide the wound ;  
When all was new, and life was in its spring,  
I liv'd an unlov'd, solitary thing;  
E'en then I learnt to bury deep from day,  
The piercing cares that wore my youth away ;  
E'en then I learnt for other's woes to feel ;  
E'en then I wept I had not pow'r to heal ;  
E'en then deep sounding through the nightly gloom,  
I heard the wretch's groan, I mourn'd the wretch's  
doom.

Who were my friends in youth ? the midnight fire,  
The silent moon-beam, or the starry choir ;

To these I plain'd, or turned from outer sight,  
To bless my lonely taper's friendly light.  
I never yet could ask, howe'er forlorn,  
For vulgar pity, mix'd with vulgar scorn ;  
The sacred source of woe I never ope,  
My breast's my coffer, and my God's my hope.  
But that I *do* feel, time, my friend, will show,  
Though the cold crowd the secret never know ;  
With them I laugh, yet when no eye can see,  
I weep for nature, and I weep for thee.  
Yes, thou didst wrong me, for I fondly thought  
In thee I'd found the friend my heart had sought ;  
I fondly thought that thou could'st pierce the guise,  
And read the truth that in my bosom lies.  
I fondly thought e'er Time's last days were gone,  
Thy heart and mine had mingled into one ;  
Yes ! and they yet will mingle. Days and years  
Will fly, and leave us partners in our tears.  
We then shall feel that friendship has a power  
To soothe affliction in her darkest hour.  
Time's trial o'er shall clasp each other's hand,  
And wait the passport to a better land.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

## ON H. K. WHITE.

Unhappy White ! while life was in its spring,  
And thy young muse just wav'd its joyous wing ;  
The spoiler came, and all thy promise fair  
Has sought the grave to sleep for ever there.  
Ah ! what a noble heart was here undone,  
When science, self destroyed her favourite son !  
Yes ; she too much indulged thy fond pursuit,  
She sowed the seed, but death has reaped the fruit.  
'Twas thine own genius gave the final blow,  
And helped to plant the wound that laid thee low.  
So the struck eagle stretched upon the plain,  
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,  
View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,  
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart :  
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel,  
He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel ;  
While the same plumage that had warm'd his nest,  
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.

BYRON.

## THEN FARE THEE WELL.

Then fare thee well, my own dear love,  
This world has now for us

No greater grief, no pain above  
The pain of parting thus.

Had we but known since first we met,  
Some few short hours of bliss ;  
We might in numb'ring them forget,  
The deep, deep woe of this.

But no ! alas ! we've never seen  
One glimpse of pleasure's ray ;  
But still there came some cloud between  
And chas'd it all away.

Yet e'en could those sad moments last,  
Far dearer to my heart,  
Were hours of grief together past,  
Than hours of mirth apart.

Farewell ! our hope was born in fears,  
And nurs'd mid vain regrets ;  
Like winter suns it rose in tears,  
Like them in tears it sets.

MOORE.

## STANZAS.

There was a time I need not name,  
Since it will ne'er forgotten be,  
When all our feelings were the same,  
As still my soul hath been to thee.

And from that hour, when first thy tongue  
Confessed a flame which equalled mine,  
Though many a grief my heart hath wrung,  
Unknown and thus unfelt by thine ;

None, none hath sunk so deep as this,  
To think how soon thy love hath flown ;  
Transient as every faithless kiss,  
But transient in thy heart alone.

But yet my heart some solace knew,  
When late I heard thy lips declare  
In accents once imagined true,  
Remembrance of the days that were.

Yes, my adored, yet most unkind,  
Though thou wilt never love again,  
To me 'tis doubly sweet to find  
Remembrance of that love remain.

Yes ! 'tis a glorious thought to me,  
No longer shall my soul repine,  
Whate'er thou art, or e'er shall be,  
Thou shalt be dearly, solely mine.

BYRON.

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE, WHO FELL  
AT THE BATTLE OF CORUNNA, 1808.

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,  
As his corse o'er the ramparts we hurried,  
Not a soldier discharg'd his farewell shot  
O'er the grave where our Hero was buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,  
The sods with our bayonets turning ;  
By the struggling moon-beam's misty light,  
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,  
Nor in sheet, nor in shroud we wound him ;  
But he lay like a Warrior taking his rest,  
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,  
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;



But we stedfastly gazed on the face that was dead,  
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollow'd his narrow bed,  
And smooth'd down his lowly pillow,  
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his  
head,  
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,  
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;  
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on,  
In a grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half our heavy task was done,  
When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;  
And we heard by the distant and random gun,  
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;  
We carv'd not a line, and we rais'd not a stone,  
But we left him alone with his glory.

WOLFE.

### THE KEEP-SAKE.

Oh ! know'st thou why to distance driven,  
When friendship weeps the parting hour,



The simplest gift, that moment given,  
Long, long retains a magic power ?

Still when it meets the musing view,  
It half the theft of time retrieves;  
It can my former bliss renew,  
Again each dear idea lives.

It boots not if the pencil'd rose,  
Or sever'd ringlet meets the eye,  
Or India's sparkling gems inclose  
The talisman of sympathy.

"Keep it, yes, keep it for my sake,"  
Oh ! fancy's ear still peals the sound,  
Nor time the potent charm shall break,  
Nor loose the spell by nature bound.

ANONYMOUS.

### THE MOSS ROSE.

The angel of the flowers one day,  
Beneath a rose tree sleeping lay ;  
That spirit, to whose charge is given  
To bathe young buds in dew from heaven,  
Awaking from his light repose,  
The angel whispered to the rose,

“ Oh ! fondest object of my care,  
Still fairest found where all are fair,  
For the sweet shade thou’st given to me,  
Ask what thou wilt, ’tis granted thee.”  
“ Then,” said the rose with deepened glow,  
“ On me another grace bestow.”  
The spirit paused in silent thought,  
What grace was there that flower had not !  
’Twas but a moment, o’er the rose  
A veil of moss the angel throws,  
And, robed in nature’s simplest weed,  
Could there a flower that rose exceed ?

FROM THE GERMAN.

### TO ELIZA.

Fair child of hope ! tho’ now thy opening mind  
Knows not the guiles of vice, though all within  
Thy spotless breast is purity of thought—there lives  
Who still would fear to see thee launch’d on the rough  
Ocean of the world—where storms o’erwhelm each  
Shattered vessel. Does not love, a mother’s fondest  
Love, watch o’er thy fate with sweet solicitude ?  
Maternal love, she long has felt her brightest  
Gem, and smiles to see her in affection’s kindest  
Hands. Mock not our cares, Eliza ! nor deceive  
A parent’s fondest hopes ! Let virtue guide thy  
thoughts,

Thy words, thy actions, let thy mind, improv'd by  
Cultivation's gentlest aid, enrich its stores. Let  
Modesty and grace blend their attractive charms,  
And both still crown the object of a mother's  
Joy. Smooth thus your life ! with nought to check  
Its course, that conscience may not smile at, or  
The soul welcome with gladness. If you thus repose  
Your trust in God—be that your only rock and  
Safeguard from temptation—that the shield of  
Innocence ! raise thou thy early voice to heaven's  
High rock—repeat your Maker's praise, and rightly  
Deem the book of truth the best.

A. J. H.

### ON A LAMENTED BROTHER.

My brother ! memory still returns to thee,  
Those thoughts renew my bosom's agony ;  
If ever honour, courtesy, or truth,  
Deck'd the fair forehead of ingenuous youth,  
If wisdom stamp'd on manhood's early pride,  
And untorn courage, ah ! too nobly tried,  
If snatch'd untimely from this nether sphere,  
Accomplish'd worth might ever claim a tear ;  
Such tribute, oh ! lamented shade is thine :  
Oh ! formed alike in camps or courts to shine,

The chieftain's mirror, and the soldier's friend,  
Pure was thy life, and glorious was thy end.  
Sons of Iberia, scatter round his tomb  
Such flowers as soonest fade and earliest bloom ;  
Cull the first fragrance of the opening year,  
New plant thy vine, and nurse thy olive there ;  
For in thy deadliest breach he foremost stood,  
And seal'd thy country's freedom with his blood :  
Yet I had hop'd, when hush'd the voice of strife,  
To walk with him what yet remain'd of life ;  
Just as we thought to greet him he was gone,  
Father of heaven and earth—Thy will be done !

DR. RHODES.

### SUN OF THE SLEEPLESS.

Sun of the sleepless ! melancholy star !  
Whose tearful beam glows tremulously far,  
That show'd the darkness thou can'st not dispel,  
How like art thou to joy remember'd well !  
So gleams the past—the light of other days,  
Which shines, but warms not with its pow'rless rays,  
A night-beam, sorrow watcheth to behold,  
Distinct, but distant, clear, but oh ! how cold.

ANONYMOUS.

## THE NIGHTINGALE.

Founded on the popular tradition that this bird, in the absence of its mate, chooses a thorn for its resting place, and leans its breast upon the prickly points.

As I linger'd last night near the hazle-wood seat,  
To feast on the music of Philomel's song,  
Methought that the strain was unusually sweet,  
And tho' tender as ever, unusually strong.

I approach'd her, but much did I marvel to view,  
That on a rude thorn bush she pillow'd her breast,  
And that sweeter and stronger the melody grew,  
As near and more near to its sharp point she press'd.

Like thee is the worldling, I said, with a sigh,  
There is mirth on his lips, but there's grief in his  
heart ;  
And often while pleasure beams bright in his eye,  
There lurks in his soul a thorn's festering smart.

More like thee the Christian in seasons of night,  
On the thorns of this world his breast he must lean,

But still he can lean with a hymn of delight,  
And his song is most sweet when the thorns are most  
keen.

ROLLESTON.

TO A BRIDE.

In many a strain of grief and joy,  
My youthful spirit sang to thee,  
But I am now no more a boy,  
And there's a gulf 'twixt thee and me.

Time on my brow has set his seal ;  
I start to find myself a man ;  
And know that I no more can feel  
As only boyhood's spirit can.

And now I bid a long adieu  
To thoughts that held my heart in thrall,  
To cherish'd dreams of brightest hue,  
And thee, the brightest of them all.

Thy footsteps rove not where they rov'd,  
My home is changed, and one by one  
The old familiar forms I lov'd  
Are faded from my thoughts and gone.

I launch into life's stormy main,  
And 'tis with tears, though not with sorrow,  
That pouring out my parting strain,  
I bid thee as a bride good morrow.

Full well thou know'st I envy not  
The heart it is thy choice to share ;  
My soul dwells on thee as a thought  
With which no earthly wishes are.

It is my joy, it is my pride,  
To picture thee in bliss divine ;  
A happy and an honour'd bride,  
Blest by a fonder love than mine.

Be thou to one a holy spell,  
A bliss by day, a dream by night,  
A thought on which his soul shall dwell,  
A cheering hope, a guiding light.

His be thy heart, and while no other  
Disturbs his image at the core,  
Still think of me as of a brother,  
I'd not be lov'd, nor love thee more.

For thee each feeling of my breast,  
So holy, so serene shall be,



That when thy heart to his is prest,  
'Twill be no crime to think of me.

I shall not wander forth at night  
To breathe thy name as lovers would;  
Thy form, in visions of delight,  
Not oft shall break my solitude.

But when at morn or midnight hour,  
I commune with my God alone,  
Before the throne of peace and power,  
I'll blend thy welfare with my own.

And if with pure and fev'rish sighs,  
I bend before some lov'd one's shrine,  
When gazing on her gentle eyes  
I shall not blush to think of thine.

Then when thou meet'st thy love's caress,  
And when thy children climb thy knee,  
In thy calm hour of happiness,  
Then sometimes kindly think of me.

FROM THE ETONIAN.

### THE WINTER ROSE.

The soft blooms of summer are faint to the eye,  
Where brightly the gay silver Medway glides by ;



And rich are the colours which autumn adorn,  
Its gold chequer'd leaves, and its billows of corn.

But dearest to me is the pale lonely rose,  
Whose blossoms in winter's dark season uncloze,  
Which smile in the rigour of winter's stern blast,  
And smoothes the rough present by sighs of the past.

And thus, when around us affliction's dark power  
Eclipses the sunshine of life's glowing hour,  
While drooping, deserted, in sorrow we bend,  
Oh ! sweet is the presence of one faithful friend.

The crowds that smiled on us when gladness was ours,  
Are summer's bright blossoms which autumn devours ;  
But the friend on whose breast we in sorrow repose,  
That friend is the winter's lone beautiful rose.

ANONYMOUS.

## MARRIAGE.

Sublime the bliss that waits on wedded love,  
Best, purest emblem of the bliss above !  
To draw new raptures from another's joy,  
To share each grief, and half its sting destroy,  
Of one fond heart to be the slave and lord,

Bless, and be bless'd, adore, and be ador'd ;  
To own the link of soul, the chain of mind,  
Sublimest friendship—passion most refin'd ;  
Passion to life's last evening hour still warm,  
And friendship, brightest in the darkest storm.

ANONYMOUS.

## FRAGMENT.

As those we love decay, we die in part,  
String after string is sever'd from the heart,  
Till loosened life, at last but breathing clay,  
Without one pang, is glad to fall away.  
Unhappy he who latest feels the blow,  
Whose eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low,  
Dragg'd ling'ring on from partial death to death,  
Till dying, all he can resign is breath.

THOMSON.

## SYMPATHY.

Ah ! why was the tear form'd to flow  
O'er the anguish we vainly deplore ?  
Or the sigh for the victim of woe,  
When his comfort we cannot restore ?

Must the bosom of sympathy mourn ?  
Must virtue and friendship repine ?  
Must the heart that is tender be torn,  
When its passion is pure and divine ?

Yes ! pity must often befriend,  
And the heart that has feeling must grieve,  
When the hand is forbid to extend,  
And the *wish* is the *all* we can give.

But the heart that still wishes to bless,  
Reflects the same pleasure that's given,  
And the tear that can fall at distress  
Is an alms, that's accepted in heaven.

ANONYMOUS.

### CONSOLATION.

Yes ! there is a Being benignant above us,  
To shelter in sorrow, and cherish in care,  
Yes ! there is a Power to pity and love us,  
A balm for the wounded, a beam for despair,  
Which comes o'er the bosom, like day o'er the billow,  
To mariners weary and wildering in fear,  
Which brightens the dungeon, and softens the pillow,  
And smiles like a rose on our wilderness here.

The mighty and proud in their mansions of pleasure,  
May squander their blessings in madness away,  
The miser may worship his cankering treasure,  
The atheist deride, and the hypocrite pray  
With his lips, while his soul is enslav'd by ambition ;  
But the Being who reigns o'er yon beautiful sphere,  
Reads the heart, and remembers the sigh of contrition,  
Nor bruises the reed that is broken and sear.

ANONYMOUS.

## TO MY FIRE.

My friendly fire, thou blazest clear and bright,  
Thy temp'rate splendour cheers the gloom of night ;  
I wish like thee to shine serene,

Like thee within mine influence all to cheer.

I wish at least in life's declining scene,

When I have beam'd as bright to fade as clear.

Then shall my children ponder o'er my shrine,  
And o'er my ashes muse, as now I muse o'er thine.

ANONYMOUS.

REASON FOR NOT WEEPING AT THE  
FUNERAL OF A SISTER.

Oh ! when sublimely agonized I stood,

And memory gave her beauteous form a sigh ;

While feeling triumph'd in my heart's warm blood,  
Grief drank the offering ere it reach'd mine eye.

A FAITHFUL FRIEND THE MEDICINE  
OF LIFE.

In those dreams of delight which with ardour we seek,  
Oft the phantom of sorrow appears ;  
And the roses of pleasure which bloom in your cheek,  
Must be steep'd in the dew of your tears.

'Mid the fountain of bliss when it sparkles most bright,  
Salt mixtures embitter the spring ;  
Tho' its lustre may tremble thro' bowers of delight,  
In the draught disappointment will sting.

But if Heaven hath one cup of enjoyment bestow'd,  
Unmingled and sweet as its own ;  
In the stream of affection its bounty hath flow'd,  
And there we may taste it alone.

But the pure simple drops love would seize as his prize,  
And defile them with passion's foul tide ;  
While the bowl he prepares, as it dazzles our eyes,  
The poison of anguish can hide.

Let Friendship, the stream, as it flows calm and clear,  
Remain unpolluted for me ;  
Or if tenderness mingle a sigh or a tear,  
The draught still the sweeter will be.

But let me reject the too high-flavour'd bowl,  
Which deception or flatt'ry compose ;  
From sincerity ever transparent, shall roll  
The cordial of peace and repose.

Ah ! give me the friend from whose warm faithful  
breast,  
The sigh breathes responsive to mine ;  
Where my cares may obtain the soft pillow of rest,  
And my sorrows may love to recline.

Not the friend who my moments of pleasure will share,  
But abides not the season of grief ;  
Who flies from the brow that is darkened by care,  
And the silence that looks for relief.

Not the friend who, suspicious of change or of guile,  
Would shrink from a confidence free ;  
Nor him who with fondness complacent can smile,  
On the eye that looks coldly on me.

As the mirror that just to each blemish or grace,  
 To myself will my image reflect ;  
 But to none but myself will that image retrace,  
 Nor picture one present defect.

To my soul let my friend be a mirror as true,  
 Thus, my faults from all others conceal ;  
 Nor absent those feelings and follies renew,  
 Which from Heaven and from man he should veil.

ANONYMOUS.

## ON AN INFANT.

BY SIR WILLIAM JONES.

On parent knees a naked new-born child,  
 Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smil'd ;  
 So live, that sinking in thy last, long sleep,  
 Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee weep.

## THE CHRISTIAN'S DUTY.

Remember patience is the Christian's courage,  
 Heroes have bled, and Demi-gods have died ;  
 A Christian's task is harder :—" 'Tis to suffer."

WALPOLE.



## 1 PETER V.

“ Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you.”

For me ! was it rightly I heard ?  
The hope too presumptuous I fear ;  
Let the sweet, the encouraging word,  
Still dwell on my gratified ear.

On my ear did I say ? little gain,  
Little comfort such gift would impart ;  
Oh ! let its deep impress remain,  
Indelibly stamped on my heart.

Does God then His creatures invite  
Upon Him to cast every care ;  
His word does Omnipotence plight,  
Thus freely their burden to bear ?

Oh ! let me not baffle such love,  
By a thankless and cold unbelief ;  
But His truth who has promised prove,  
By resigning my every grief.

Does a father His fostering hand,  
From Heaven in mercy extend ?



And shall I such goodness withstand,  
And refuse such a bountiful friend ?

Let me rather with rapture embrace  
An offer so gracious and kind ;  
And unlimited confidence place  
In such goodness and power combin'd.

Has it pleased Him in wisdom to take  
My earthly dependance away ?  
Then with child-like submission I'll make  
His arm my sole pillow and stay.

I'll repose on His words which declare,  
That the desolate still He befriends ;  
Makes the fatherless children His care,  
And the cause of the widow defends.

I'll list to His heart-soothing voice,  
Who declares that the mourners are blest ;  
Who invites them in Him to rejoice,  
And assures them of comfort and rest.

To the heart truly humbled by woe,  
The anointing of joy shall be given ;

To the tears that from penitence flow,  
The peace that's the foretaste of Heaven.

REV. J. MARRIOTT. \*

### MISSIONARY HYMN.

Oh Thou ! whose powerful word,  
Chaos and darkness heard  
And took their flight ;  
Hear us we humbly pray,  
And where the Gospel day  
Sheds not its heavenly ray,  
Let there be light !

Oh Thou ! who cam'st to bring  
On Thy redeeming wing,  
Healing, power, might,  
Health to the sick in mind,  
Light to the inly blind ;  
Oh ! now on all mankind,  
Let there be light !

\* The recent death of this excellent man, at once conveying to us the melancholy feeling, that no new production of his so truly elegant and pious mind can now offer itself to the human eye or ear, dispenses a higher lustre and increasing value on the most trifling of those mementos which he has left behind him.

Spirit of truth and love !  
Life-giving holy dove !  
    Speed forth thy flight ;  
Bearing thy lamp of grace  
O'er earth's darkest place,  
And o'er the water's space,  
    Let there be light !

Oh ! blessed Trinity !  
Through all eternity,  
    Wisdom, power, might ;  
Boundless as ocean's pride,  
Rolling in fullest tide,  
O'er the earth far and wide,  
    Let there be light !

REV. J. MARRIOTT.

## GOOD FRIDAY.

My God ! my God ! why hast thou forsaken me ?

Not from the crown of thorns whose feet distained  
The brow of Him anointed of the Lord,  
Not from the blasphemous revilings blown  
From lips of scornful infidels—and keen  
With bitterness of hate—nor from the cross,  
Though scene of ignominy, pain, and death ;

Those sorrows do I estimate, which erst  
For fallen man's salvation, Christ endured ;  
But from that awful moment when the Son  
Felt as forsaken of the Father ! felt  
As that the indissoluble had sustain'd  
Strange dissolution ! the essential one,  
Miraculous division—then it was  
The Saviour showed how deep our fall, how strong  
The bonds of our captivity—how high  
The price of our redemption. Oh ! my soul  
Muse on that awful moment, till a sense  
Of sin's exceeding sinfulness be wrought  
Into thy very nature, till thou shrink'st  
With liveliest instinct, more abhorrent fear,  
From that which nail'd thy Saviour to the cross.  
Thou from the everlasting pains of hell  
Redeemed, muse on that awful moment, till  
A flame of heaven descended—rapture fall  
Upon the incense of thy gratitude,  
And raise the kindled offering to thy God.

REV. J. MARRIOTT.

### THE DEVONSHIRE LANE.

In a Devonshire lane as I trotted along,  
T'other day, much in want of a subject for song,

Thinks I to myself (perhaps inspir'd by the rain,)   
 Sure marriage is just like a Devonshire lane.

In the first place 'tis long, and when once you are in   
 it

It holds you as fast as the cage holds the linnet ;   
 But tho' 'tis so long, yet 'tis not very wide,   
 And two are the most that together can ride ;

And then 'tis a chance but they get in a pother,   
 And jostle and cross and run foul of each other ;   
 For poverty greets them with mendicant looks,   
 And care pushes by them with dirt-loaded crooks,   
 And strife's grating wheels strive between them to   
 pass,   
 And stubbornness blocks up the way with its ass.

Then the banks are so high that to left hand and   
 right,   
 They shut out the beauties around from the sight ;   
 And hence you'll allow 'tis an inference plain,   
 That marriage is just like a Devonshire lane.

Yet thinks I, too, these banks within which we are   
 pent,   
 With bud, blossom, and berry, are richly besprent,

And the conjugal fence which forbids us to roam  
Looks lovely when deck'd with the comforts of home.

In the rock's gloomy crevice the rich holly grows,  
The ivy waves fresh o'er the withering rose,  
And the evergreen love of a virtuous wife  
Smooths the roughness of care, cheers the winter of  
life.

Then long be the journey, and narrow the way,  
I'll rejoice that I've seldom a turnpike to pay;  
And think some as they will, I'll be last to complain,  
That marriage is just like a Devonshire lane.

REV. J. MARRIOTT.

### THE EVENING CLOUD.

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,  
A gleam of crimson ting'd its braided snow;  
Long had I watch'd the glory moving on,  
O'er the still radiance of the lake below.  
Tranquil its spirit seem'd and floated slow;  
Even in its very motion there was rest;  
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow,  
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west,  
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul!  
To whose white robe the gleam of peace is given,

And by the breath of mercy made to roll  
Right onward to the golden gate of heaven,  
Where to the eye of faith it peaceful lies,  
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

WILSON.

### GO, YOUTH BELOVED.

Go, youth belov'd, to distant glades,  
New hopes, new joys, new friends to find,  
Yet sometimes deign 'midst fairer maids  
To think of her thou leav'st behind.  
Thy love, thy fate, dear youth to share,  
May never be my happy lot,  
But thou may'st grant this humble pray'r,  
Forget me not ! forget me not !

But should the thoughts of my distress  
Too painful to thy feelings be,  
Heed not the wish I now express,  
Nor ever deign to think of me.  
But oh ! if grief thy steps attend,  
If want or sickness be thy lot,  
And thou requir'st a soothing friend,  
Forget me not ! forget me not !

MRS. OPIE.



## THE REFUGE.

Oh Thou ! who dry'st the mourner's tear,  
How dark this world would be,  
If, when deceived and wounded here,  
We could not fly to Thee.  
The friends who in our sunshine live,  
When winter comes, are flown,  
And he who has but tears to give  
Must weep those tears alone.  
But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,  
Which like the plants that throw  
Their fragrance from the wounded part,  
Breathe sweetness out of woe !

When joy no longer sooths or cheers,  
And e'en the hope that threw  
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,  
Is dimm'd and banish'd too ;  
Oh ! who could bear life's stormy doom,  
Did not Thy wing of love  
Come brightly wafting through the gloom,  
Our peace-branch from above ?  
Then sorrow touched by Thee grows bright,  
With more than rapture's ray,



As darkness shows us worlds of light  
We never saw by day !

MOORE.

## ETERNITY.

If in that world which lies beyond  
Our own, surviving love endears,  
If there the cherish'd heart be found,  
The eye the same, except in tears,  
How welcome those untrodden spheres !  
How sweet this very hour to die,  
To soar from earth, and find all fears  
Lost in thy light, eternity !

It must be so—'tis not for self  
That we so tremble on the brink,  
And trying to o'erleap the gulf,  
Yet cling to being's severing link.  
Oh ! in that future let us think  
To hold each heart, the heart that shares  
With them the immortal waters drink,  
And soul in soul, grow deathless heirs.

BYRON.

## THE DYING INFANT.

Her little hands were lifted up in pray'r  
When last I press'd her cheek—a tear was there.  
“ Oh ! do not go,” she fondly cried, “ but stay,  
And teach your little Mary how to pray,  
That God may bless you.”  
I gaz'd on her and wept, but could not speak.  
Once more I press'd her little burning cheek ;  
Then left her—Oh that very night  
Her infant spirit wing'd away its flight  
To that high world where Jesus sits enthron'd  
Amid the little flock He lov'd and own'd  
On earth ; and in her little coffin laid  
I next beheld my pretty village maid.  
The soft blue eye was shaded, and the play  
Of her pale lip was still—motionless lay  
Her little arms across her infant breast—  
I felt, alas ! that she had gone to rest  
Upon the bosom of her God—sweet child,  
Just like a lowly blossom of the wild.  
The morning saw her blooming, fresh and gay,  
While evening came, and swept that bloom away.

P.

## MUSIC.

My soul is dark, oh ! quickly string  
The harp I yet can brook to hear,  
And let thy gentle fingers fling  
Its melting murmurs o'er mine ear.  
If in this heart a hope be dear,  
That sound shall charm it forth again ;  
If in these eyes there lurk a tear,  
'Twill flow and cease to burn my brain.

But bid the strain be wild and deep,  
Nor let thy notes of joy be first,  
I tell thee, minstrel, I must weep,  
Or else this heavy heart will burst ;  
For it hath been by sorrow nurst,  
Has watched in sleepless silence long,  
And now, 'tis doom'd to know the worst,  
And break at once, or yield to song.

ANONYMOUS.

## LORD BYRON'S FAREWELL TO HIS WIFE.

Fare thee well ! and if for ever,  
Still for ever fare thee well !  
Even though unforgiving, never  
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before thee,  
Where thy head so oft hath lain,  
While that placid sleep came o'er thee  
Which thou ne'er can'st know again.

Would that breast by thee glanced over,  
Every inmost thought could show,  
Then thou would'st at last discover  
'Twas not well to spurn it so.

Though the world for this commend thee,  
Though it smile upon the blow,  
E'en its praises must offend thee,  
Founded on another's woe.

Though my many faults defaced me,  
Could no other arm be found  
Than the one which once embrac'd me,  
To inflict a cureless wound ?

Yet, oh ! yet, thyself deceive not,  
Love may sink by slow decay ;  
But by sudden wrench, believe not,  
Hearts can thus be torn away.

Still thine own its life retaineth,  
Still must mine, though bleeding beat ;  
And the undying thought which paineth,  
Is that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow,  
Than the wail above the dead ;  
Both shall live, but every morrow  
Wake us from a widowed bed.

And when thou would'st solace gather,  
When our child's first accents flow,  
Wilt thou teach her to say—" Father,"  
Though his care she must forego ?

When her little hands shall press thee,  
When her lips to thine is prest,  
Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee,  
Think of him thy love has blest.

Should her lineaments resemble  
Those thou never more may'st see,  
Then thy heart will softly tremble  
With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults perchance thou knowest ;  
All my madness—none can know ;

All my hopes—where'er thou goest,  
Whither yet with thee they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken ;  
Pride which not a world could bow,  
Bows to thee—by thee forsaken,  
E'en my soul forsakes me now.

But 'tis done—all words are idle,  
Words from me are vainer still ;  
But the thoughts we cannot bridle  
Form their way without the will.

Fare thee well ! thus disunited,  
Torn from every nearer tie,  
Seared in heart, and lone, and blighted,  
More than this I scarce can die !

### LADY BYRON'S REPLY.

Powerless are thy magic numbers  
To revive affection's flame,  
In a bosom where it slumbers,  
Shrouded now with duty's name.

Sacred there 'twill rest for ever,  
Death alone its gleams remove ;  
Still it lives—but never, never,  
Can it more awake to love.

Did neglect's cold aspect chill it?  
Did unkindness quench its ray?  
Did the wayward passions quell it?  
Harold—let thy bosom say!

Yes! that breast has been my pillow,  
Yet the treacherous wound it gave,  
As the smooth deceitful billow  
Wrecks the bark that trusts its wave.

Envy's dire forebodings slighting,  
Deaf alike to friendship's voice,  
Pride elating—hope delighting,  
I alone was Harold's choice.

Sad destruction, dear bought glory,  
Was the heart's unstable prize,  
Now the theme of gossip's story,  
Thus exposed to vulgar eyes.

Yet 'twas not the fond illusion,  
Fame's bright halo o'er thee spread,  
Other dreams of dear delusion,  
Faith and young affection led.

Not a suppliant world around me  
Could have lured me from thy side:  
No!—the tender bands that bound me  
Hands *but thine* could ne'er divide.



“ But 'tis done,” the arm that held me  
Late the cherish'd gift of heaven,  
Now unclasps no more to shield me,  
And—but no ! thou art forgiven.

Never can a heart forget thee  
Which has felt a love like mine ;  
Nor our smiling infant let me,  
While she has those eyes of thine.

Oh ! farewell—farewell for ever !  
Once in happier hours we met,  
Now with blasted hopes we sever,  
Soon our sun of joy has set.

Who has felt the desolation  
Of the earthquake's dreadful reign,  
And would trust the same foundation  
For his peaceful bower again ?

LADY BYRON'S REPLY TO LORD BYRON'S  
“ FARE THEE WELL.”

Yes, farewell ! farewell for ever !  
Thou thyself hast fixed our doom ;  
Bade Hope's fairest blossoms wither,  
Never more for me to bloom !



Unforgiving thou hast called me ;  
Didst thou ever say, Forgive ?  
For the wretch whose wiles enthralled thee,  
Thou didst seem alone to live.

Short the space which Time had given  
To complete thy love's decay ;  
By unhallowed passion driven,  
Soon thy wishes wildly stray.

Lived for me that feeling tender,  
Which thy verse so well can show ?  
From my arms why didst thou wander—  
My endearments why forego ?

Rapt in dreams of joy abiding,  
On thy breast my head hath lain,  
In thy love and truth confiding—  
Bliss I ne'er can know again !

When thy heart, by me glanced over,  
First displayed the guilty stain,  
Would these eyes had closed for ever,  
Not to weep thy crimes again !

But by Heaven's recording spirit  
May that wish forgotten be !—

Life, though now a load, I'd bear it  
For the babe I've borne to thee—

In whose lovely features (let me  
All my weakness here confess !)  
While the struggling tears permit me,  
All her father's I can trace :

His, whose image never leaves me,  
Whose remembrance yet I prize ;  
Who, this bitt'rest feeling gives me—  
*Loving*, where I must *despise* !

With regret and sorrow, rather  
When “ our child's first accents flow,”  
I shall teach her to say, “ Father !”  
But his guilt she ne'er shall know.

Whilst to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Wake me to a widowed bed ;  
In another's arms, no sorrow  
Wilt thou feel—no tear wilt shed ?

For the world's applause I sought not,  
When I tore myself from thee :  
Of its praise or blame I thought not—  
What its blame or praise to me ?

He, in whom my soul delighted,  
From his breast my image drove ;  
With contempt my truth requited,  
And preferred a wanton's love !

Thou art proud—and, mark me, BYRON !  
Proud is my soul as thine own :  
Soft to love—but hard as iron  
When despite is on me thrown !

But, 'tis past !—I'll not upbraid thee ;  
Nor shall ever wish thee ill ;  
Wretched, though thy crimes have made me,  
If thou canst—be happy still !

MRS. DOBBIN.

### HOLY LOVE.

How sweet the privilege to minister  
The soothing aid of friendship and of love  
To those the heart approves ! to mingle mind  
And all the treasures of affection,  
Where we feel the blest security of  
Principle and holy zeal ! but doubly  
Valuable—when o'er the elevated soul  
The faint effusions of disease  
Has cast a sober mantle ! Then to illumine  
The speaking eye, and cheer the smitten breast,  
Is heaven's imparted, delegated gift !

Thousands can fling the gaudy blossoms  
Which attract the multitude, and scatter  
Dangerous perfume—but to select the  
Consolations of the Gospel—and teach  
The lab'ring mind to yield submission  
To the will of heaven, is sanctified  
Friendship's blest and sole prerogative !  
The Christian's sacred balm is all extracted  
From the promises of God. He knows it is the Lord  
Who orders all the dispensations  
He beholds, and from the treasury  
Of His word breathed out those truths divine  
Which soften present anguish—revive the sweet  
Illumin'd rays of heavenly hope, or bend  
The chasten'd mind to holy resignation.

ANONYMOUS.

## HOPE.

There is a something planted in the heart,  
There is a something gilds the clouds of sorrow,  
There is a something gives the weary rest,  
And with glad visions paints each coming morrow.

That something hope—which cheers despairing man,  
Which calms and quiets life's tumultuous billow,  
'Tis hope that points beyond life's longest span,  
And smooths and softens tyrant death's hard pillow.

Yes, hope's a flow'r of fair, unfading bloom,  
Which sweetest buds 'midst winter's ice-bound tresses,  
Blows on the narrow confines of the tomb,  
And pallid death's cold iron point caresses.

Hope is a staff of matchless strength possess'd,  
To man upon his earthly journey given ;  
A sun that shines the brightest and the best,  
When storms and tempests rock the vault of heaven.

F. S.

"SUCH THINGS WERE."

Time flies when he should linger most ;  
The brightest joys are soonest lost ;  
And swiftly pass the hours away ,  
When friends are near and hearts are gay ;  
The fairest scene that mirth can bring,  
Adds a new feather to his wing ;  
And when his path is mark'd by care,  
We say in sorrow "such things were."

In happy hours we often say,  
"In scenes like these we must be gay ;"  
But if we lose one valued friend,  
Our feelings change, our pleasures end.  
We mourn the looks so truly dear,  
We miss the voice we us'd to hear ;

The scene is chang'd, and sorrowing there,  
We must remember—"Such things were."

In ev'ry path we seek alone,  
We sadly sigh for something gone ;  
In ev'ry walk some spot is seen  
Where that lost friend has lately been ;  
In ev'ry song, in ev'ry dance,  
We miss a tone, a step, or glance,  
We think of joys we used to share,  
And say in sorrow—"Such things were."

ANONYMOUS.

### LOST INNOCENCE.

Oh ! fair as heav'n and chaste as light,  
Did nature mould thee all so bright,  
That thou should'st ever learn to weep  
O'er languid virtue's fatal sleep,  
O'er shame extinguish'd, honour fled,  
Peace lost, heart wither'd—feeling dead ?  
No, no ! a star was born with thee  
That sheds eternal purity !  
Thou hast within those sainted eyes  
So fair a transcript of the skies,  
In lines of fire such heavenly lore,  
That man should read them and adore !

Yet have I known a gentle maid  
Whose early charms were just array'd  
In nature's loveliness like thine,  
And wore that clear celestial sign  
Which seems to mark the brow that's fair  
For destiny's peculiar care !  
Whose bosom too was once a zone  
Where the bright gem of virtue shone,  
Whose eyes were talismans of fire,  
Against the spell of man's desire !  
Yet hapless girl ! in one sad hour,  
Her charms have shed their radiant flow'r,  
The gem has been beguil'd away,  
Her eyes have lost their chast'ning ray,  
The simple fear, the guileless shame,  
The smiles that from reflection came,  
All, all have fled, and left her mind  
A faded monument behind !  
Oh ! 'twas a sight I wept to see,  
Heav'n keep that lost one's fate from thee !

ANONYMOUS.

## PSALM XXXIX.

“ My hope is in thee.”

O Thou ! whose gracious presence cheers  
The soul that droops, and doubts, and fears,

And wip'st away affliction's tears,

Vouchsafe to comfort me !

In deep distress to Thee I call,

My God, my Saviour, and my all,

And low before Thy footstep fall,

Vouchsafe to comfort me !

As through this chequer'd scene below,

I wind my way 'midst joy and woe,

Beset with many a nameless foe,

Vouchsafe to comfort me !

In each bereavement may I own

Thou art the Just and Holy One,

Thou settest up, and throwest down,

Vouchsafe to comfort me.

And when the gloomy vale I tread,

Which marks the regions of the dead,

And leads me to my lonely bed,

Vouchsafe to comfort me !

Saviour, my life, my light, my friend,

My first great object and my end,

On Thee may all my hopes depend,

And Thou wilt comfort me !

REV. W. H.



## CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

Great God ! I would not seek to know  
The number of my earthly hours,  
Nor if the path that I must go,  
Be paved with thorns, or strewn with flowers ;  
It is enough for me to see  
My all is govern'd by Thy will,  
And that which I receive from Thee,  
Has been, and will be kindness still,

But this I would for ever pray,  
And here I cannot be denied,  
That whether dark or bright the way,  
Thy Spirit would my footsteps guide.  
Then in the flow of prosperous years,  
I shall not raise my heart too high,  
Nor yield to clouds, and doubts, and fears,  
Though prospects fail, and comforts die.

ANONYMOUS.

## TO THIRTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

Thy smiles, thy talk, thy guileless plays,  
So beautiful approve thee,

So winning, light, are all thy ways,  
I cannot choose but love thee.  
Thy balmy breath upon my brow,  
Is like the summer air,  
As o'er my cheek thou leanest now,  
To plant the soft kiss there.

Thy steps are dawning tow'ards the bound,  
Between the child and woman,  
And thoughts and feelings more profound,  
And other years are coming.  
And thou shalt be more fondly fain,  
More precious to the heart ;  
But never shalt thou be again,  
The lovely thing thou art !

And youth shall pass with all the brood  
Of fancy-fed affection,  
And care shall come with womanhood,  
And waken cold reflection.  
Thou'lt learn to toil, to watch and weep  
O'er pleasures unreturning,  
Like one who wakes from pleasant sleep  
Unto the cares of morning.

Nay, say not so, nor cloud the scene  
Of joyous expectation,

Ordain'd to bless thee, little one,  
Thou freshling of creation.  
Nor doubt that He who now doth feed  
Thy early lamp with gladness,  
Will be thy present help in need,  
Thy comforter in sadness.

Smile on thou little winsome thing,  
All rich in nature's treasure,  
Thou hast within thy heart a spring  
Of self renewing pleasure.  
Smile on fair child, and take thy fill  
Of mirth till time shall end it,  
'Tis nature's wise and gentle will,  
And who shall reprehend it.

ANONYMOUS.

## WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN?

When shall we three meet again?  
Oh! when shall we three meet again?  
Oft shall glowing hope expire,  
Oft shall wearied love retire,  
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,  
Ere we three shall meet again.

Though in distant lands we sigh,  
Parch'd beneath a hostile sky,  
Though the deep between us rolls,  
Friendship shall unite our souls ;  
Still in fancy's rich domain,  
Oft shall we three meet again.

When the dreams of life are fled,  
When its wasted lamps are dead,  
When in cold oblivion's shade,  
Beauty, pow'r, and fame are laid,  
Where immortal spirits reign,  
There may we three meet again.

ANONYMOUS.

## TO MARY.

I saw thy form in youthful prime,  
Nor thought that pale decay  
Would steal before the steps of time,  
And waste its bloom away, Mary,  
Yet still thy features wore that light  
Which parts not with the breath,  
And life ne'er look'd more purely bright  
Than in thy smile of death, Mary.

As streams that run in golden mines,  
 With modest murmur glide,  
 Nor seem to know the wealth that shines  
 Within their gentle tide, Mary.  
 So veil'd beneath a simple guise,  
 Thy radiant genius shone,  
 And that which charm'd all other eyes  
 Seem'd worthless in thine own, Mary !

If souls could always dwell above,  
 Thou ne'er hadst left thy sphere ;  
 Or could we keep the souls we love,  
 We ne'er had lost thee here, Mary !  
 Tho' many a gifted mind we meet,  
 Tho' fairest forms we see,  
 To live with them is far less sweet  
 Than to remember thee, Mary !

ANONYMOUS.

THOUGH THE DAY OF MY DESTINY'S  
 OVER.

Though the day of my destiny's over,  
 And the star of my fate hath declin'd,  
 Thy soft heart refused to discover  
 The faults which so many could find.

Though thy soul with my grief was acquainted,  
It shrunk not to share it with me ;  
And the love which my spirit hath painted,  
It never hath found but in thee.

Then when nature around me is smiling,  
The last smile that answers to mine,  
I will not believe it beguiling,  
Because it reminds me of thine.  
And when winds are at war with the ocean,  
As the hearts I believ'd in, with me,  
If their billows excite an emotion,  
It is that they bear me from thee.

Though the rock of my last hope is shiver'd,  
And its fragments are sunk in the wave ;  
Though I feel that my soul is deliver'd,  
To pain it shall not be a slave.  
There is many a pang to pursue me,  
They may crush, but they shall not condemn,  
They may torture, but shall not subdue me,  
'Tis of thee that I think, not of them.

Though human, thou did'st not deceive me,  
Though woman, thou did'st not forsake,  
Though loved, thou forbor'st to grieve me,  
Though slander'd, thou never would'st shake.

Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim me,  
Though parted, it was not to fly,  
Though watchful, 'twas not to defame me,  
Nor mute that the world might belie.

But I blame not the world, nor despise it,  
Nor the war of the many with one ;  
If my soul was not fitted to prize it,  
'Twas folly not sooner to shun ;  
And if dearly that error has cost me,  
And more than I once could foresee,  
I have found that whatever it cost me,  
It could not deprive me of thee.

From the wreck of the past which has perish'd,  
Thus much I at least may recall ;  
It hath taught me that what I most cherish'd,  
Deserved to be dearest of all.  
In the desert a fountain is springing,  
In the wide waste there still is a tree,  
And a bird in the solitude singing,  
Which speaks to my spirit of thee.

BYRON.

## FRIENDSHIP.

How sweet the privilege to meet  
A heart where virtue finds retreat,

In this lone world that heart to share,  
Feel all its joys, soothe all its care.  
Be one in mind, in soul, in thought,  
That soul, that mind, with feeling fraught,  
As pure as breath of balmy even,  
Wafting its summer sweets to heaven.

Lov'd picture, I could ever dwell  
Upon the joys thy touches tell,  
Joys that beyond the world extend,  
To which the world no gloss can lend ;  
So calm the stream of fancy flows,  
So mildly bright the vision glows,  
That, view'd thro' eye of imag'ry,  
It shadows out felicity.

So pure, as 'neath its gentle blaze  
To fix the soul in fond amaze ;  
Nor does the view less radiant shine,  
When shaded by the touch of time ;  
For though the stamp of age may chase  
All bloom of vernal loveliness,  
There rests to gild each faded dye,  
The shadow of eternity.

ANONYMOUS.



## THE STILL, SMALL VOICE.

1 Kings xix. 11.

He cometh, He cometh, the Lord passeth by ;  
The mountains are rending, the tempest is nigh ;  
The wind is tumultuous, the rocks are o'ercast ;  
But the Lord of the Prophet is not in the blast.

He cometh, He cometh, the Lord, He is near,  
The earth it is reeling, all nature's in fear ;  
The earthquake's approaching with terrible form ;  
But the Lord of Sabaoth is not in the storm.

He cometh, He cometh, the Lord is in ire ;  
The smoke is ascending, the mount is on fire ;  
O say, is Jehovah revealing His name !  
He is near, but Jehovah is not in the flame.

He cometh, He cometh, the tempest is o'er,  
He is come, neither tempest nor storm shall be more,  
All nature reposes, earth, ocean, and sky,  
Are still as the voice that descends from on high.

How sweet to the soul are the breathings of peace,  
When the still voice of pardon bids sorrow to cease,

When the welcome of mercy falls soft on the ear,  
“Come hither ye laden—ye weary draw near.”

There is rest for the soul that on Jesus relies,  
There's a home for the homeless, prepared in the skies,  
There's a joy in believing, a hope and a stay,  
That the world cannot give, nor the world take away.

O had I the wings of a dove, I would fly,  
And mount on the pinions of faith to the sky,  
Where the still and small breathing to earth that was  
given,  
Shall be changed to the anthem and chorus of heaven.

WM. M'COMB.

### THE POOR MAN'S HYMN.

As much have I of worldly good  
As e'er my master had,  
I diet on as dainty food,  
And am as richly clad ;  
Tho' plain my garb, though scant my board,  
As Mary's Son, and Nature's Lord.

The manger was his infant bed,  
His home the mountain cave,

He had not where to lay His head,  
He borrow'd even His grave ;  
Earth yielded Him no resting spot,  
Her Maker, but she knew Him not.

As much the world's good-will I bear,  
Its favours and applause,  
As He whose blessed name I hear,  
Hated without a cause ;  
Despis'd, rejected, mock'd by pride,  
Betray'd, forsaken, crucified.

Why should I court my master's foe ?  
Why should I fear its frown ?  
Why should I seek for rest below,  
Or sigh for brief renown ?  
A pilgrim to a better land,  
An heir of joys at God's right hand.

CONDER.

## HOME.

That is not home, where day by day,  
I wear the busy hours away ;  
That is not home where lonely night,  
Prepares me for the toils of light ;

'Tis hope and joy, and memory give,  
A home in which the heart can live ;  
These walls no lingering hopes endear,  
No fond remembrance chains me here ;  
Cheerless I heave the lonely sigh,  
Eliza, can'st thou tell me why ?  
'Tis where thou art is home to me,  
And home without thee cannot be.

There are who strangely love to roam,  
And find in wildest haunts their home ;  
And some in walls of lordly state,  
Who yet are homeless, desolate.  
The sailor's home is on the main,  
The warrior's on the tented plain,  
The maiden's in her bower of rest,  
The infant's on its mother's breast ;  
But where thou art is home to me,  
And home without thee cannot be.

There is no home in halls of pride,  
They are too high, and cold, and wide ;  
No home is by the wanderer found ;  
'Tis not in place ; it hath no bound ;  
It is a circling atmosphere,  
Investing all the heart holds dear ;

A law of strange attractive force,  
That holds the feelings in their course.

It is a presence undefin'd,  
O'ershadowing the conscious mind,  
Where love and duty sweetly blend  
To consecrate the name of friend.  
Where'er thou art is home to me,  
And home without thee cannot be.

My love, forgive the anxious sigh,  
I hear the moments rushing by,  
And think that life is fleeting fast,  
That youth with us will soon be past.  
Oh ! when will time consenting give  
The home in which my heart can live !  
There shall the past and future meet,  
And o'er our couch, in union sweet,  
Extend their cherub wings, and shower  
Bright influence on the present hour.

Oh ! when shall Israel's mystic guide,  
The pillar'd cloud our steps decide,  
Then resting, spread its guardian shade,  
To bless the home which love hath made ?

Daily my love, shall thence arise,  
Our hearts' united sacrifice ;  
And home, indeed, a home will be,  
Thus consecrate and shar'd with thee.

CONDER.

### FAREWELL.

It is not when we meet with gratulation,  
And eager question, glance encountering glance,  
Tongues tuned to welcome, and anticipation  
Chang'd to reality of circumstance ;  
It is not then, although the spirits dance  
As if inspir'd by some resistless spell,  
We feel those purer pleasures that enhance  
Beyond the power of even verse to tell,  
The moments which precede that simple word "fare-  
well !"

For in them are called forth the truest, best,  
And tenderest feelings of our nature ; those  
Which give to joy its most delightful zest,  
And no less soften sorrow's keenest throes.  
I speak not now of agonies and woes  
By guilt inflicted ; nor of that deep pain  
Affection feels at nature's solemn close,  
When tears seem life-drops from a staunchless vein,  
I speak of friends who part on earth, to meet again.

And in such parting hours, I do contend,  
More sweetness may exist than in the flush  
Of eager joy that our first meetings lend ;  
Ay ! far beyond it, as the tranquil hush  
Of eve gives bliss, awoke not by the blush  
Of morning's beauty ; or the dying fall  
Of music's melting close, outvies the gush  
Of its first prelude, as it seems to call  
On echo to prolong its soul-subduing thrall.

ANONYMOUS.

## NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.

Say, why should friendship grieve for those,  
Who, safe arrived on Canaan's shore,  
Released from all their hurtful foes,  
They are not lost, but gone before.

How many painful days on earth,  
Their fainting spirits number'd o'er ;  
Now they enjoy a heavenly birth,  
They are not lost, but gone before.

Dear is the spot where Christians sleep,  
And sweet the strain which angels pour ;  
O why should we in anguish weep,  
They are not lost, but gone before.

Secure from every mortal care,  
By sin and sorrow vex'd no more,  
Eternal happiness they share  
Who are not lost, but gone before.

On Jordan's bank whene'er we come,  
And hear the swelling waters roar,  
Saviour convey us safely home,  
To friends not lost, but gone before.

ANONYMOUS.

### MOURNERS COMFORTED.

O think that while you're weeping here,  
His hand a golden harp is stringing,  
And with a voice serene and clear,  
His ransom'd soul without a tear,  
His Saviour's praise is singing.

And think that all his pains are fled,  
His cares and sorrows closed for ever ;  
While He whose blood for man was shed,  
Has placed upon his servant's head  
A crown that fadeth never.

And think that on that awful day,  
When darkness sun and moon is shading,



The form that 'midst its kindred clay,  
Your trembling hands prepare to lay,  
Shall rise to life unfading.

Then weep no more for him who's gone  
Where sin and sorrow ne'er can enter ;  
But on that great High Priest alone,  
Who can for guilt like ours atone,  
Your whole affections centre.

HUIE.

## TO A SISTER.

Louise ! you wept that morn of gladness  
Which made your brother blest ;  
And tears of half reproachful sadness,  
Fell on the bridegroom's vest ;  
Yet pearly tears were those to gem  
A sister's bridal diadem.

No words would half so well have spoken  
What thus was deeply shown,  
By nature's simplest, dearest token,  
How much was then my own,  
Endearing her for whom they fell,  
And thee for having loved so well.

But now no more—nor let a brother  
    Louise, regretful see  
That still 'tis sorrow to another  
    That he should happy be ;  
Those were, I trust, the only tears  
    That day shall cost through coming years.

Smile with us, happy and light-hearted,  
    We three the time will wile ;  
And when sometimes a season parted,  
    Still think of us and smile.  
But come to us in gloomy weather,  
    We'll weep when we must weep together.

CONDER.

### EPITAPH.

Here sleeps what once was beauty, once was grace,  
Grace, that with tenderness and sense combin'd  
To form that harmony of soul and face,  
Where beauty shines the mirror of the mind.

Such was the maid, that in the morn of youth,  
In virgin innocence, in nature's pride,  
Blest with each art that owes its charm to truth,  
Sunk in her father's fond embrace and died.

He weeps, Oh! venerate the holy tear,  
Faith lends her aid to ease affliction's load ;  
The parent mourns his child upon her bier,  
The Christian yields an angel to his God.

MASON.

## SPRING.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,  
Bridal of earth and sky,  
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,  
For thou, alas ! must die.

Sweet rose, in air whose odours wave,  
And colour charms the eye,  
Thy root is ever in its grave,  
And thou, alas ! must die.

Sweet Spring, of days and roses made,  
Whose charms for beauty vie,  
Thy days depart, thy roses fade,  
Thou too, alas ! must die.

Be wise then Christian, while you may,  
For swiftly time is flying ;  
The thoughtless man that laughs to-day  
To-morrow may be dying.

BISHOP HORNE.

## CONSOLATION.

Children of God, who pacing slow,  
Your pilgrim path pursue,  
In strength and weakness, joy, and woe,  
To God's high calling true:

Why move ye thus with lingering tread,  
A doubtful mournful band?  
Why faintly hangs the drooping head,  
Why fails the feeble hand?

Was the full orb that rose in light,  
To charm your early way,  
A treacherous meteor falsely bright,  
That blazed and passed away?

Was the rich vale that proudly shone  
Beneath the morning beam,  
A soft illusion swiftly gone,  
A fair and faithless dream?

O seek to know a Saviour's power,  
To feel a father's care;  
A moment's toil, a passing shower,  
Is all the grief you share.

The Lord of light, though veil'd awhile,  
He hide His noon-tide ray,  
Shall soon in lovelier beauty smile,  
To gild the closing day.

And bursting through the dusky shroud,  
That dared His power invest,  
Ride throned in light o'er every cloud,  
Triumphant to His rest.

And there, beneath His beam renewed,  
That glorious vale shall shine,  
So long by trembling hope pursued,  
And now for ever thine.

Then Christian, dry the falling tear,  
The faithless doubt remove ;  
Redeem'd at last from guilt and fear,  
O wake thy heart to love.

A Saviour's blood hath bought thy peace,  
Thy Saviour God adore,  
He bade the throb of terror cease,  
The pains of guilt He bore.

J. BOWDLER, JUN.

## BLINDNESS.

The taper has quiver'd its last,  
Oh hope ! must I bid thee farewell ?  
I must ! for the mandate is past  
That consign'd me in darkness to dwell.  
In vain on mine eye-balls shall play  
The blaze of meridian skies,  
No sun shall e'er gladden my day,  
No moon on my midnight arise.

No more at the glories of dawn,  
Shall my bosom with ecstasy heave ;  
Farewell to the blush of the morn,  
And the smile of fond lingering eve !  
Farewell to the sweets of the spring,  
Which she throws from her mantle of green ;  
The gale shall their fragrancv bring,  
But, alas ! they shall blossom unseen !

Farewell to the light of the eye !  
To the heart-cheering smile of a friend,  
And beauty—but why should I sigh,  
Thy enchantments are all at an end.

But, ah! there existed a few—

Shall I see their lov'd faces no more ?

There was one—oh ! how dear was the view !

For ever, alas ! is it o'er ?

Ah ! no—'tis a feverish dream,

Mine eyes are but closed for the night,

At the dawn of Eternity's beam

I shall wake into transport and light.

And still, though the day-light is fled,

Does memory the twilight prolong,

Bright visions encircle my head,

And fancies, celestial throng.

The sun that gilds memory's fields

Dispenses perpetual day ;

The spring of the fancy ne'er yields

To winter's deflowering sway.

The forms that once lovely appear'd,

Still lovely in memory bloom,

And the flow'rets which fancy has rear'd

Still blossom and smile on the tomb.

My friend shall grow wrinkled and old,

And beauty all wither'd shall be ;

But the change I shall never behold,

And age shall be beauty to me :

And time shall so silently steal,  
When I sink into peaceful decay,  
That I scarcely the evening shall feel,  
But fancy it still to be day.

Death's footsteps around I shall hear,  
But view not the frown on his face ;  
Nor the features of her who was dear  
Ever start in a stranger to trace.  
Nor distance my friend shall remove,  
Nor the grave my affection's divide ;  
But still I will talk to my love,  
And fancy her still at my side.

But why should terrestrial ties  
Round my heart, and my fancy entwine !  
O faith, lend me wings to arise  
And make bright futurity mine !  
And o'er me thy radiance pour,  
Thou world of pure day-light and bliss !  
And my soul shall then murmur no more,  
To be shut out for ever from this.

This life's but a feverish dream,  
And short is mortality's night ;  
At the dawn of eternity's beam  
I shall wake into transport and light.



O the wonders that hour shall unfold !  
What glories around me shall blaze !  
I the sun shall unclouded behold,  
And for ever rejoice in his rays.

CONDER.

## BEAUTY SHORT-LIVED.

The morning flowers display their sweets,  
And gay their silken leaves unfold,  
As careless of the noon-day heats,  
And fearless of the evening cold.

Nipp'd by the wind's unkindly blast,  
Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,  
The momentary glories waste,  
The short-liv'd beauties fade away.

So blooms the human face divine,  
When youth its pride of beauty shows  
Fairer than spring the colours shine,  
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

Or worn by slowly rolling years,  
Or broke by sickness in a day,  
The fading glory disappears,  
The short-liv'd beauties die away.

But these new rising from the tomb,  
With lustre brighter far shall shine,  
Revive with ever-during bloom,  
Safe from diseases and decline.

Let sickness blast and death devour,  
If heaven will recompense our pains,  
Perish the grass, and fade the flow'r,  
If firm the word of God remains !

WESLEY.

### THE SEASONS.

I love the rising grace, the varied charms  
Which on the earth's enamell'd bosom play,  
When nature bursts from April's humid arms  
And springs impatient to the Ides of May.

I love the rip'ning beam, the fervid glow  
Which crowns with full maturity the year,  
When busy Summer shows his swarthy brow,  
And severs from the root the bending ear.

I love the rich profusion Autumn yields,  
When in his party coloured robes array'd,  
He treads triumphant o'er the lighten'd fields,  
And twines their rifled honours round his head.

I love the bright effulgence Winter wears  
When o'er the plains his fleecy showers descend  
And the soft germs which shiv'ring nature bears  
From the rude blasts and piercing cold defend.

I love, but ah ! such matchless beauties rise,  
So thick the forms of varied goodness throng,  
That sweet confusion dims my wond'ring eyes,  
And swelling transports overpower my song.

For still the impress of a hand divine,  
Marks each mutation of this earthly ball,  
Through all its scenes parental beauties shine,  
Father of light and life ! I love them all.

BY AN AMERICAN LADY.

### FROM THE GERMAN OF KLIEST.

How rich the splendors of the western skies,  
In purple tints, and glowing crimson bright !  
Where varying forms and shadowy landscapes rise,  
Mountains of gold and flaming waves of light.  
The sweetest fragrance scents the evening gale,  
And o'er reposing nature silence reigns,  
Save where the flute breathes softly thro' the vale,  
The streams low murmuring glide along the plains,  
Or night's sad songstress chants her long-drawn plaintive strains.

O Thou, my guide divine ! whose sacred power  
Can bid the dangerous storms of passion cease,  
Shed on my soul the blessings of this hour,  
The beams of virtue and the dews of peace :  
Led by Thy hand, I pass'd thro' life's fair morn,  
And brav'd the ardours of its noon-tide ray ;  
Still may Thy love its future hours adorn,  
Bless the mild evening of my mortal day.

And ye ! than wealth more priz'd, than fame more  
    dear,  
Ye friends for ever lov'd, ye chosen few,  
Who o'er the failings of a heart sincere,  
With generous hand the veil of friendship drew !  
Shed o'er my latest hour one parting tear,  
To fond remembrance give one tender sigh,  
When the faint shadows of this earthly sphere  
Shall sink in death before my closing eye,  
In trembling transport rais'd to glorious scenes on high.

### A REFLECTION AT SEA.

See how beneath the moonbeam's smile  
    Yon little billow heaves its breast,  
And foams and sparkles for a while,  
    And murmuring, then subsides to rest.

Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,  
Rises in fame's eventful sea,  
And having swell'd a moment there  
Thus melts into eternity.

T. MOORE.

## REMEMBRANCE.

Man hath a weary pilgrimage,  
As through the world he bends,  
On every stage, from youth to age,  
Still discontent attends.  
With heaviness he casts his eye  
Upon the road before,  
And still remembers with a sigh  
The days that are no more.

To school the little exile goes,  
Torn from his mother's arms ;  
What then shall soothe his early woes,  
When novelty hath lost its charms ?  
Condemn'd to suffer through the day  
Restraints which no rewards repay,  
And cares where love has no concern,  
Hope lightens as she counts the hours  
That hasten his return.

From hard controul and tyrant rules,  
The unfeeling discipline of schools,  
The child's sad thoughts will roam,  
And tears will struggle in his eye,  
While he remembers with a sigh,  
The comforts of his home.

Youth comes : the toils and cares of life,  
Torment the restless mind :  
Where shall the tired and harass'd heart  
Its consolation find ?  
Then is not youth, as fancy tells,  
Life's summer prime of joy ?  
Ah ! no : for hopes too long delay'd,  
And feelings blasted or betray'd,  
The fabled bliss destroy,  
And he remembers with a sigh  
The careless days of infancy.

Maturer manhood now arrives,  
And other thoughts come on ;  
But with the baseless hopes of youth  
Its generous warmth is gone :  
Cold calculating cares succeed,  
The timid thought, the wary deed,  
The dull realities of truth ;

Back on the past he turns his eye,  
Remembering with an anxious sigh  
The happy dreams of youth.

So reaches he the latter stage  
Of this our mortal pilgrimage,  
With feeble step and slow :  
New ills that latter stage await,  
And old experience learns too late  
That all is vanity below.  
Life's vain delusions are gone by,  
Its idle hopes are o'er,  
Yet age remembers with a sigh  
The days that are no more.

SOUTHEY.

## TRUST IN GOD.

“ Be careful for nothing; but in every thing, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God.”—Philippians iv. 6.

On wings of peace how calm would fly  
The measure of our years,  
Could we by faith's discerning eye  
Upon the word of truth rely,  
'Twould banish all our fears.

When overtaken by the storm,  
With snares on every side,  
Each anxious doubt how would it charm,  
To feel that on a Father's arm  
We fearless might confide !

And when by doubts and fears oppress'd,  
Which nature's frailty prove,  
How sweet with feeling unexpress'd,  
In prayer our doubting hearts to rest,  
On Christ's redeeming love.

Oh man ! poor self-deluded man,  
Victim of joyless hours,  
Why shadow out thy little span  
By fears that strip Redemption's plan  
Of all its soothing powers ?

Turn, turn to Him, whose sufferings seal'd  
The contrite heart forgiven,  
Through Him will all thy woes be healed,  
And through His word by faith revealed,  
Thou'lt win thy way to heaven.

A. B. C.



## PSALM CIII.

Awake my soul, awake and sing  
The praises of thy God and King ;  
His boundless mercies here recall,  
Awake my soul and sing them all !  
My heart, my heart, begin the song,  
My tongue resound it loud and long ;  
And all within me join the lays  
That speak my Benefactor's praise.

Awake my soul, awake and sing  
The praises of thy God and King ;  
Who raised thee hopeless from the grave,  
And freely all thy guilt forgave,  
New health bestowed, new food supplies  
With daily bounty from the skies,  
Sends more than eagle's eye and wing,  
Awake my soul his praise to sing.

The Lord subdues the tyrant's arm,  
And shields His own from every harm :  
Long favour'd Israel can declare  
How well He hears His people's prayer.  
To melting mercy God is prone,  
His wrath is slow and quickly gone,

Our crimes He will not strictly view,  
Nor sternly bid us take our due.

High is yon azure heaven above,  
But not so high as heavenly love ;  
'Tis far from east to yonder west,  
Our sins from us are farther cast.  
A father looks not half so mild  
As God upon His wayward child,  
For, ah ! He knows us nought but dust,  
And loves to show Him more than just.

The flower that springs, the flower that blooms,  
And wide the air to-day perfumes,  
But meets to-morrow's wintry blast,  
And all its transient pride is past.  
Such—such is man, so bright his bloom,  
So soon he hastens to the tomb,  
The creature of a summer day,  
That springs, and blows, and fades away.

Not so man's God, unmov'd is He,  
Whole worlds decay, and ages flee ;  
And as unmov'd His mercy stands  
To those who love His high commands ;  
That rest for all on grace alone,  
And make Almighty strength their own ;

The Lord for aye, shall reign above,  
And with Him all that share His love.

Praise Him ye angels, and sustain  
With your high notes my feeble strain ;  
Ye starry host that round Him shine,  
Sun, moon, break forth in songs divine ;  
With all thy offspring earth arise  
And join the anthems of the skies,  
Nor thou, my soul, be last to sing  
The praises of thy God and King.

I.—.

TO MY BROTHER AND ELIZA ON THEIR  
WEDDING DAY.

Hail to your happiness to-day,  
Dear mutual sharers of my heart ;  
And think, that in this simple lay  
A sister's love bears ample part.

Could human wishes tend to give  
The soul its fill of earthly joy,  
I'd wish, aye, long as life should live,  
For me that nought your bliss alloy.

But human hopes and human fears  
Alike a vain delusion prove,  
It is not in this vale of tears  
To taste the joys of heavenly love.

With God man's destiny presides,  
From Him must flow or good or ill ;  
And those alone whose path He guides  
Can real pleasures ever feel.

Still, still my brother, to thy care  
A plant of tenderest growth is given,  
Which to preserve its blossoms fair,  
Commit to it the care of heaven.

And may that flame which warms thee now  
For her thou'st fondly made thine own,  
With undiminished influence glow,  
When youth's delusive dreams are flown.

Ah yes ! in years of life's decline,  
When beauty's bloom has passed away,  
Around thee may those virtues shine,  
Which time's rude hand can ne'er decay.

D. E. F.

## PART OF PSALM CXVI.

I love the Lord, I'll love Him still,  
While life shall leave me power to love,  
And call on Him who deign'd to bow  
His ear to me from heaven above,  
Who mark'd the tear, and heard the cry,  
And helped the prayer of such as I.

For after years of reckless pride,  
My scornful self I knew at last,  
And all the woes to sin allied,  
In dark array before me passed,  
And death and hell rushed full on me,  
My portion through eternity.

To God I cried in wild distress,  
And for my soul deliv'rance sought,  
And He vouchsafed to heal and bless,  
Beyond what I had asked or thought :  
He showed me Him who died for me,  
And gave me life and liberty.

Rest then my soul, securely rest,  
For God Himself shall guard thee now ;  
Upon a Saviour's bleeding breast,  
Thy weary head in praise may bow ;

He there invites thee to recline,  
And call His death and merits thine.

A blessed change for me forlorn,  
And blessed He through endless years  
Who thus from death my soul hath borne,  
My feet from falling, eyes from tears,  
To Him those feet, those eyes shall turn,  
That soul for Him shall ever burn.

L.

## THE HARP OF SORROW.

I gave my harp to sorrow's hand,  
And she has held the chords so long,  
They will not speak at my command,  
They warble only to her song.

Of dear departed hours,  
Too fondly loved to last,  
The dew, the breath, the bloom of flowers  
Swept in their freshness by the blast :

Of long, long years of future care,  
Till lingering nature yields her breath,

And endless ages of despair,  
Beyond the judgment day of death ;

The weeping minstrel sings ;  
And while her numbers flow,  
My spirit trembles with the strings,  
Responsive to the notes of woe.

Oh ! snatch the harp from sorrow's hand,  
Hope ! who hast been a stranger long,  
Oh ! strike it with sublime command,  
And to the poet wake thy song.

Of banish'd troubles sing,  
Of fears for ever fled,  
Of flowers that hear the voice of spring,  
And burst and blossom from the dead.

Of home, contentment, health, repose,  
Serene delights while years increase ;  
And weary life's triumphant close,  
To some calm sunset hour of peace.

Of bliss that reigns above,  
Celestial May of youth,  
Unchanging as Jehovah's love,  
And everlasting as His truth,

Sing heavenly hope ! and strike thy hand,  
O'er my frail harp, untun'd so long,  
That harp shall breathe at thy command  
Immortal sweetness through thy song.

Ah ! then this gloom controul,  
And at thy voice shall start  
A new creation in my soul,  
A native Eden in my heart.

MONTGOMERY.

### ODE TO DISAPPOINTMENT.

Come, disappointment come,  
Not in thy terrors clad,  
Come in thy meekest saddest guise ;  
Thy chastening rod but terrifies  
The restless and the bad.  
But I recline,  
Beneath thy shrine,  
And round my brow resign'd, thy peaceful cypress  
twine.

Though fancy flies away,  
Before thy hollow tread,



Yet meditation in her cell,  
Hears with faint ear the lingering knell,  
That tells her hopes are dead ;  
And though the tear,  
By chance appear,  
Yet she can smile, and say, my all was not laid here.

Come, disappointment come !  
Though from hope's summit hurl'd,  
Still rigid nurse, thou art forgiven,  
For thou severe wert sent from heaven,  
To wean me from the world :  
To turn my eyes,  
From vanities,  
And point to scenes of bliss that never, never dies.

What is this passing scene ?  
A peevish April day !  
A little sun, a little rain,  
And then night sweeps along the plain,  
And all things fade away.  
Man (soon discuss'd)  
Yields up his trust,  
And all his hopes and fears lie with him in the dust.

Oh ! what is beauty's power ?  
It flourishes and dies,

Will the cold earth its silence break,  
And tell how soft how smooth a cheek,  
    Beneath its surface lies ?  
        Mute, mute is all,  
        O'er beauty's fall,  
Her praise resounds no more, when mantled in her  
    pall.

The most belov'd on earth,  
    Not long survives to-day ;  
So music past is obsolete,  
And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing sweet ;  
    But now 'tis gone away.  
        Thus does the shade,  
        In memory fade,  
When in forsaken tomb the form belov'd is laid.

Then since this world is vain,  
    And volatile and fleet,  
Why should I lay up earthly joys,  
Where rust corrupts and moth destroys,  
    And cares and sorrows eat !  
        Why fly from ill,  
        With anxious skill,  
When soon this hand will freeze, this throbbing heart  
    be still !

Come disappointment, come !

Thou art not stern to me,

Sad monitress ! I own thy sway,

A votary sad in early day,

I bend my knee to thee.

From sun to sun

My race will run,

I only bow and say—My God, Thy will be done !

H. K. WHITE.

### HELVELLYN.

I climb'd the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,  
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleam'd misty and  
wide,

All was still, save by fits, when the eagle was yelling,  
And starting around me the echoes replied.

On the right, Strathen-Edge round the Red Tarn was  
bending,

And Catchedecam its left verge was defending,  
One huge nameless rock on the front was impending,  
When I mark'd the sad spot where the wanderer \* had  
died.

\* Mr. Charles Gough of Manchester, who in the spring of 1805 perished by losing his way over the mountain Helvellyn, and whose remains were found three months afterwards, guarded by a terrier, his faithful and only attendant.

Dark green was the spot, 'mid the brown mountain  
heather,

Where the pilgrim of nature lay stretch'd in decay,  
Like the corpse of an outcast, abandon'd to weather,  
Till the mountain winds washed the tenantless clay ;  
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,  
For faithful in death his mute favourite attended,  
The much-lov'd remains of his master defended,  
And chased the hill-fog and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?  
When the wind mov'd his garments, how oft didst  
thou start ?

How many long days and long nights didst thou num-  
ber,

Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart ?  
But oh ! was it meet that no requiem read o'er him,  
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,  
And thou little guardian alone stretch'd before him,  
Unhonour'd the pilgrim from life should depart ?

When a prince to the fate of the peasant has yielded,  
The tap'stry waves dark through the dim-lighted hall,  
With 'scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,  
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall :  
Through the courts at deep midnight the torches are  
gleaming,

In the proudly arch'd chapel the banners are beaming,  
Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,  
Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,  
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb,  
When 'wilder'd he drops from some cliff huge in stature,

And draws his last sob by the side of his dam ;  
And more stately thy couch by this distant lake lying,  
Thy obsequies sung by the gay plover flying,  
With but one faithful friend to witness thee dying,  
In the arms of Helvellyn and Catchedecam.

WALTER SCOTT.

## TO MEDITATION.

WRITTEN ON THE SEA SHORE BY MOONLIGHT.

How sweet the calm of this sequester'd shore,  
Where ebbing waters musically roll,  
And solitude and silent eve restore  
The philosophic temper of the soul.

The sighing gale whose murmurs lull to rest  
The busy tumult of declining day,  
To sympathetic quiet soothes the breast,  
And every wild emotion dies away.

Farewell the objects of diurnal care,  
Your task be ended with the setting sun;  
Let all be undisturb'd vacation here,  
While o'er yon wave ascends the peaceful moon.

What beauteous visions o'er the soften'd heart,  
In this still moment all their charms diffuse,  
Serenity joys and brighter hopes impart,  
And cheer the soul with more than mortal views.

Come sacred meditation ! with me share  
The sober pleasures of this solemn scene,  
While no rude tempest clouds the ruffled air,  
But all like thee is smiling and serene.

Come, while the cool, the solitary hours  
Each foolish care and giddy wish controul,  
With all thy soft persuasion's wonted powers,  
Beyond the stars transport my listening soul.

Oft (then on earth detain'd by empty show)  
Thy voice has taught the trifler how to rise,  
Taught her to look with scorn on things below,  
And seek her better portion in the skies.

MRS. CARTER.

## BEAUTY.

“ The wind passeth over it, and it is gone.”

I saw a dew drop, cool and clear,  
Dance on a myrtle spray,  
Fair colours deck'd the lucid tear,  
Like those which gleam and disappear  
When showers and sunbeams play :  
Sol cast athwart a glance severe,  
And scorch'd the pearl away.

High on a slender polish'd stem  
A fragrant lily grew,  
On the pure petals, many a gem  
Glitter'd a native diadem  
Of healthy morning dew :  
A blast of lingering winter came  
And snapped the stem in two.

Fairer than morning's early tear,  
Or lily's snowy bloom,  
Is beauty in its vernal year,  
Gay, mollient, fascinating, clear,  
And thoughtless of its doom !  
Death breathes a sudden poison near,  
And sweeps it to the tomb !

J. ANDERSON.



## SUNSET ON A SUMMER'S EVENING.

The broad setting sun to yon cloud is retiring,  
And faintly shines out to the breeze,  
Its last tint of crimson is nearly expiring,  
It sets in yon cluster of trees.

Taught by the example, be this my first duty  
Implicitly thus to obey  
My Maker—and then, like the sun in its beauty,  
Withdraw from the regions of day.

Nor think in the grave, tho' immur'd, it bereaves us  
Of comfort, or adds to our sorrow,  
The same setting sun, tho' it partially leaves us,  
Will rise with new splendour to-morrow.

ANONYMOUS.

## THE NIGHT-SCENTED CLEMATIS.

At high noontide I sought the bower,  
And marking yon luxuriant flower,  
Which wreathes its circling roots so high,  
And forms so rich a canopy,



I doubted not so fair a bloom  
Would yield most exquisite perfume,  
But quickly found, approaching nigh,  
The charm was only for the eye.

At eve again that bower I sought,  
Fit scene for still and solemn thought,  
Which the sun sinking in the west,  
May well awake in mortal breast ;  
But wonder o'er such thoughts prevail'd,  
When with the cool breeze I inhal'd  
A sweet and balmy odour, shed  
By those same blossoms o'er my head,  
Which had so lately boasted none,  
Bright glowing in the western sun.

As on my sense that odour stole,  
Thus, thought I, fares it with the soul,  
Which whilst the sun of gladness shone,  
Saw fair religion's form alone ;  
And no pure essence from the view,  
No life inspiring spirit drew,  
But in dark sorrow's shaded hours,  
Tastes all its sweetness, feels its power,  
And blesses those brief clouds of night  
Which melt away in endless light.

REV. J. MARRIOTT.

## THE CHAPLET.

For me, oh world ! no chaplet weave,  
Thy frowns I fear not, nor believe  
Thy wanton smiles, and summer glow,  
Deceptive as retiring snow.  
For me thy grandeur's all too high,  
And danger lurks its steps too nigh ;  
Then not for me thy chaplet weave,  
For all thy pleasures but deceive.

Let beauty, with its eye of fire,  
With madd'ning love the gay inspire ;  
Let war in panoply arrayed,  
Unsheath the chieftain's ready blade ;  
Let glory rear its plumed crest,  
And dazzle with its glittering vest ;  
Yet not for me thy chaplet weave,  
Thy smiles are false, thy hopes deceive.

Let the full cup of pleasure teem  
With draughts from fair Calypso's stream,  
Which shrouds the soul's immortal flame,  
Beneath the brute's degraded frame ;  
Tho' fair the flowers that here entice,  
All, all too costly is the price ;

Such chaplet therefore do not weave,  
The flowers decay, the draughts deceive.

Nor weave for me ambition's wreath,  
It is the bloody meed of death ;  
Asp-like, foul murder nestles there,  
Entwin'd with folds of grim despair:  
And oh ! weave not the wreath that binds  
The brows of sordid selfish minds ;  
Like these entwine no wreath for me,  
They show too much, oh world! of thee.

Nor the bright wreath of riches twine,  
Dug from Golconda's purest mine ;  
Nor dazzling stones that proudly gem  
An empire's envied diadem.  
No, twine for me the Christian's crown,  
Be virtue still my best renown ;  
And let the wreath that decks my brow  
From pure religion's branches grow.

ANONYMOUS.

### CONSOLATORY REFLECTION.

Often the Sun, involved in clouds,  
Through day we see the gloom increase ;  
But Ev'ning's hand his form unshrouds,  
And, beaming, he descends in peace.

The sailor bears the tempest's rage—  
Destructive flashes light the main!—  
That Pow'r which raised, can soon assuage  
And smooth the boiling deep again.

Though darkness frown, yet light is near ;  
And from our path, with clouds o'ercast,  
Those shades may quickly disappear,  
And sunshine visit us at last.

P.

## TO THE MEMORY OF A SISTER.

Fair prison of Earth's fairest clay,  
Thy chains are burst, thy bars are broken !  
And I, with mingled grief, survey  
Each silent mark, each icy token.

Thy cheek is fixed, thy brow is bare,  
Thy lips are pale, thine eye is faded ;  
Yet never seem'd that face so fair,  
Though bound in locks that fancy braided.

Pleasure and health attract the view,  
Life lights the eye and gives it splendour ;  
But death can shed a softer hue,  
A smile more sweet, a grace more tender.

And while upon thy face I gaze,  
Where once the flush of pleasure lightened,  
My memory turns to other days,  
And pictures hours that thou hast brightened.

Perchance the smile I lov'd to trace,  
May give one day a better greeting,  
And beam upon thy brother's face  
A welcome to a deathless meeting.

And thou, sweet spirit ! now set free  
Afar from all that love encumbers,  
I must, must weep—yet envy thee  
Thy place amongst the ransom'd numbers.

I loved thee—yes, bear witness here  
Thou heart, that felt how hard to sever,  
I love thee still, in death more dear,  
Parted awhile, but not for ever !

Thy grief, thy bitterness is o'er,  
Pardoned thy sin, and healed thy sorrow,  
And not one cloud shall hover more  
Across thine everlasting morrow ;

Then far be grief—I will not mourn,  
Why should I view thy gain with sadness ?  
I felt a pang when thou wast torn,  
But love hath melted it to gladness !

EDMESTON.

## THE HOUR OF DISTRESS.

O 'tis not while the fairy breeze fans the green  
ocean,

That the safety and strength of the bark can be  
shown ;

And 'tis not in prosperity's hour the devotion,  
The fervour, and truth of a friend can be known.

No ! the bark must be prov'd when the tempest is  
howling,

When dangers and mountain waves close on her  
press ;

The friend, when the sky of adversity's scowling,  
For the touchstone of friendship's—the hour of  
distress.

When prosperity's day-star beams pure and uncloud-  
ed,

Then thousands will mingle their shouts round its  
throne,

But oh ! let its light for one moment be shrouded,  
And the smiles of the faithless, like shadows are  
gone.

Then comes the true friend, who, to guile is a  
stranger,

The heart of the lone-one to sooth and caress ;  
While his smile, like the beacon of light blazing in  
danger,

Sheds a beam o'er the gloom of the hour of dis-  
tress.

O 'tis sweet 'midst the horrors of bleak desolation,  
While pleasure and hope seem eternally flown,  
When the heart is first lit by the dear consolation,  
That a haven of happiness yet may be won.

Grief fades like the night-cloud, bliss mingles with  
sorrows,

When the first sunny rays through the darkness  
appear ;

And the rainbow of hope beameth bright as it bor-  
rows

All its splendour and light from a smile and a tear.

O 'tis those whose life's path have been clouded and  
cheerless,

Can feel that pure burst of transport and bliss ;

When the trusted and tried friend comes boldly and  
fearless,

To share, or relieve the dark hour of distress.



Past griefs may yet cease to be thought on, but never  
Can time make the feeling of gratitude less ;  
May the blessing of God rest for ever and ever  
On him who forsook not in hours of distress.

GOLDIE.

### THE MOTHER TO HER INFANT.

Welcome thou little dimpled stranger,  
O welcome to my fond embrace ;  
Thou sweet reward of pain and danger,  
Still let me press thy cherub face.

Dear source of many a mingled feeling,  
How did I dread, yet wish thee here !  
Whilst hope and fear, in turns prevailing,  
Served but to render thee more dear.

How glow'd my heart with exultation,  
So late the anxious seat of care,  
When first thy voice of supplication  
Stole sweetly on thy mother's ear !

What words could speak the bright emotion  
That sparkl'd in thy father's eye,  
When to his fond paternal bosom  
He proudly press'd his darling boy !



O, that thou mayst, sweet babe ! inherit  
Each virtue to his heart most dear,  
His manly grace, his matchless merit,  
Is still thy doting mother's prayer.

While on thy downy couch reposing,  
To watch thee is my tender toil ;  
I mark thy sweet blue eyes unclosing,  
I fondly hail thy cherub smile.

Smile on, sweet babe, unknown to sorrow,  
Still brightly beam thy heavenly eye ;  
And may the dawn of every morrow  
Shed blessings on my darling boy.

ANON.

## FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship, peculiar boon of Heaven,  
The noble mind's delight and pride,  
To men and angels only given,  
To all the lower world denied.

While Love, unknown among the bless'd,  
Parent of rage and hot desires,  
The human and the savage breast,  
Inflames alike with equal fires ;

With bright, but oft destructive gleam,  
Alike o'er all his lightnings fly ;  
Thy lambent glories only beam  
Around the favourites of the sky.

Thy gentle flows of guiltless joys  
On fools and villains ne'er descend ;  
In vain for thee the monarch sighs,  
And hugs a flatterer for a friend.

When Virtues kindred Virtues meet  
And sister souls together join,  
Thy pleasures, permanent as great,  
Are all transporting, all divine.

Oh ! shall thy flames then cease to glow,  
When souls to happier climes remove ?  
What raised our virtue here below  
Shall aid our happiness above.

JOHNSON.

### TO RELIGION.

Offspring of Heav'n ! when trials grieve us,  
And shafts of sorrow dart around,  
Thy cheering promises can give us  
A balm for ev'ry cank'ring wound.

Religion mild ! in thee is found  
A hope, which never can deceive us :  
Thy ways with peace and joy abound,  
In them is nothing hard or grievous.  
Thou canst improve our sweetest joys,  
And blunt affliction's sharpest arrow ;  
Thy hand still beckons to the skies,  
Thy voice cries, " Hushed be ev'ry sorrow !"

DOBBIN.

## JUDGMENT DAY.

That day of wrath, that dreadful day,  
When heav'n and earth shall pass away,  
What power shall be the sinner's stay ?  
How shall he meet that dreadful day ?

When shrivelling like a parched scroll,  
The flaming heav'ns together roll ;  
When louder yet, and yet more dread,  
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead.

Oh ! on that day, that wrathful day,  
When man to judgment wakes from clay,  
Lord, be the trembling sinner's stay,  
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

SCOTT.

## TO INDIFFERENCE.

Indifference, come ! the sorrows healing  
Of my sick mind, that's wounded sore  
By disappointment's hand revealing  
The sorrows on life's dreary shore ;  
My bosom's peace thou canst restore !  
My heart 'gainst fond affection steeling  
On thy cold lap, I'll then no more  
The anguish know of wounded feeling.  
If in thy cold, but tranquil way,  
No blossom of delight be blowing,  
To wound the feet which in it stray,  
No thorn of agony is growing !

ANON.

## THE THUNDER STORM.

O for evening's brownest shade !  
Where the breezes play by stealth  
In the forest-cinctured glade,  
Round the hermitage of health :  
While the noon-bright mountains blaze  
In the sun's tormenting rays.  
  
O'er the sick and sultry plains,  
Through the dim delirious air  
Agonizing silence reigns,  
And the wanness of despair :

Nature faints with fervent heat,  
Ah ! her pulse hath ceased to beat.

Now, in deep and dreadful gloom,  
Clouds on clouds portentous spread ;  
Black as if the day of doom  
Hung o'er nature's shrinking head ;  
Lo ! the lightning breaks from high,  
God is coming !—God is nigh !

Hear ye not his chariot wheels,  
As the mighty thunder rolls ?  
Nature, startled nature reels,  
From the centre to the poles !  
Tremble ! ocean, earth, and sky !  
Tremble ! God is passing by !

Darkness wild with horror, forms  
His mysterious hiding place ;  
Should He, from his ark of storms  
Rend the veil, and show His face,  
At the judgment of His eye,  
All the universe would die.

Brighter, broader lightnings flash,  
Hail and rain, tempestuous fall ;  
Louder, deeper thunders crash,  
Desolation threatens all ;

Thou, like the world, th' opprest oppressing,  
Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe !  
And he who wants each other blessing,  
In thee must ever find a foe.

GOLDSMITH.

## JOY AND SORROW.

The sweet and blushing rose  
Soon withers and decays ;  
Short are the joys life knows,  
And few our happy days.  
The fairest day must end in night ;  
Summer in winter ends ;  
So anguish still succeeds delight,  
And grief on joy attends.

LILLO.

## MAN.

Man's a poor deluded bubble,  
Wandering in a mist of lies ;  
Seeing false, or seeing double,  
Who would trust to such weak eyes ?

Yet presuming on his senses,  
On he goes most wond'rous wise ;  
Doubts of truth, believes pretences ;  
Lost in error lives and dies.

DODSLEY.

## THE BLIND BOY.

O say ! what is that thing call'd light,  
Which I must ne'er enjoy,  
What are the blessings of the sight,  
O tell your poor blind boy !

You talk of wond'rous things you see,  
You say the sun shines bright ;  
I feel him warm, but how can he  
Or make it day or night ?

My day or night myself I make,  
Whene'er I sleep or play ;  
And could I ever keep awake,  
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear  
You mourn my hapless woe ;  
But sure with patience I can bear  
A loss I ne'er can know.



Then let not what I ne'er can have  
My cheerful mind destroy ;  
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,  
Although a poor blind boy.

CIBBER.

## TO HOPE.

Soul cheering maid ! whose fancies teeming  
With happiness, with extasy,  
Whose lively eye, with pleasure beaming,  
Can banish dull despondency—  
Sweet hope ! oh, ever let me be  
Of rapture on thy bosom dreaming !  
In prospect ever let me see  
Though distant far thy halo gleaming !  
What though to-day may bring me grief,  
With disappointment, pain, and sorrow ?  
Thou canst administer relief,  
By pointing to a blissful morrow !

DOBBIN.

## CHARACTER OF WOMAN.

Through many a land and clime a ranger  
With toilsome steps I've held my way,  
A lonely unprotected stranger,  
To all the stranger's ills a prey ;



While steering thus my course precarious,  
My fortune still has been to find  
Men's hearts and dispositions various,  
But gentle Woman ever kind.

Alive to every tender feeling,  
To deeds of mercy ever prone ;  
The wounds of pain and sorrow healing  
With soft Compassion's sweetest tone.

No proud delay, no dark suspicion,  
Stints the free bounty of their heart ;  
They turn not from the sad petition,  
But cheerful aid at once impart.

Form'd in benevolence of Nature,  
Obliging, modest, gay, and mild,  
Woman's the same endearing creature  
In courtly town and savage wild.

When parch'd with thirst, with hunger wasted,  
Her friendly hand refreshment gave ;  
How sweet the coarsest food has tasted,  
What cordial in the simple wave !

Her courteous looks, her words caressing,  
Shed comfort on the fainting soul ;  
Woman's the stranger's general blessing  
From sultry India to the Pole !

BARBAULD.

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BARBAULD.

## SUNSET.

Gently, on the western waves,  
See, the sun reclines his head,  
Faintly smiling as he laves,  
Placid on his glassy bed.

Gloomy frowns the mountain steep,  
Now deserted by his beams,  
Bending o'er the noisy deep,  
Where its broadening shadow swims.

Dim and faint the skiff is seen  
Sailing to its destined place,  
Murky cloudings intervene,  
Leaving not the smallest trace.

Hark ! the sheep-dog's barking noise  
From the wide-stretch'd dewy wold,  
Faithful to the shepherd's voice,  
Driving flocks within the fold.

Now, within his rustic shed,  
The returning peasant sees  
Supper on his table spread,  
And his children clasp his knees.

Through the air, in lofty height,  
Rooks their evening course pursue,  
Still ascending in their flight,  
Keeping still their wood in view.

Now the landscape's sunk from sight,  
Homeward run the youthful train,  
As the fast approaching night  
Steals across the dusky plain.

Darkness now obscures the ground,  
Far has fled the cheering sun ;  
Now the fire is circled round,  
And the merry tale's begun.

BLACKET.

## A SPRING SABBATH WALK.

Most earnest was his voice ! most mild his look,  
As with raised hand he bless'd his parting flock.  
He is a faithful pastor of the poor ;—  
He thinks not of himself ; his Master's words,  
*Feed, feed my sheep*, are ever at his heart,  
The cross of Christ is aye before his eyes.  
O, how I love, with melted soul, to leave  
The house of prayer, and wander in the fields  
Alone ! What though the opening spring be chill !

Although the lark, check'd in his airy path  
Eke out his song, parch'd on the fallow clod,  
That still o'ertops the blade ! Although no branch  
Have spread its foliage, save the willow wand  
That dips its pale leaves in the swollen stream !  
What though the clouds oft lower ! Their threats but  
end

In sunny showers, that scarcely fill the folds  
Of moss-couch'd violet, or interrupt  
The merle's dulcet pipe,—melodious bird !  
He, hid behind the milk-white sloe-thorn spray,  
(Whose early flowers anticipate the leaf,)  
Welcomes the time of buds, the infant year.

Sweet is the sunny nook, to which my steps  
Have brought me, hardly conscious where I roam'd,  
Unheeding where,—so lovely all around  
The works of God, array'd in vernal smile !

Oft at this season, musing, I prolong  
My devious range, till, sunk from view, the sun  
Emblaze, with upward-slanting ray, the breast,  
And wing, unquivering of the wheeling lark,  
Descending, vocal, from her latest flight ;  
While, disregardful of yon lonely star,—  
The harbinger of chill night's glittering host,—  
Sweet Redbreast, Scotia's Philomela, chants,  
In desultory strains, his evening hymn.

## A SUMMER SABBATH WALK.

Delightful is this loneliness ; it calms  
My heart : pleasant the cool beneath these elms,  
That throw across the stream a moveless shade.  
Here nature in her mid-noon whisper speaks ;  
How peaceful every sound !—the ring-dove's plaint,  
Moan'd from the twilight centre of the grove,  
While every other woodland lay is mute,  
Save when the wren flits from her down-coved nest,  
And from the root-sprig trills her ditty clear,—  
The grasshopper's oft-pausing chirp,—the buzz,  
Angrily shrill, of moss-entangled bee,  
That, soon as loosed, booms with full twang away,  
The sudden rushing of the minnow shoal,  
Scared from the shallows by my passing tread.  
Dimpling the water glides, with here and there  
A glossy fly, skimming in circlets gay  
The treacherous surface, while the quick-eyed trout  
Watches his time to spring ; or, from above,  
Some feather'd dam, purveying midst the boughs,  
Darts from her perch, and to her plumeless brood  
Bears off the prize :—Sad emblem of man's lot !  
He, giddy insect, from his native leaf,  
(Where safe and happily he might have lurk'd,)  
Elate upon ambition's gaudy wings,



Forgetful of his origin, and, worse,  
Unthinking of his end, flies to the stream ;  
And if from hostile vigilance he 'scape,  
Buoyant he flutters but a little while,  
Mistakes th' inverted image of the sky  
For heaven itself, and, sinking, meets his fate.

Now, let me trace the stream up to its source  
Among the hills ; its runnel by degrees  
Diminishing, the murmur turns a tinkle.  
Closer and closer still the banks approach,  
Tangled so thick with pleaching bramble shoots,  
With brier, and hazel branch, and hawthorn spray,  
That, fain to quit the dingle, glad I mount  
Into the open air : Grateful the breeze  
That fans my throbbing temples ! smiles the plain  
Spread wide below : how sweet the placid view !  
But, O ! more sweet the thought, heart-soothing  
thought,

That thousands, and ten thousands of the sons  
Of toil, partake this day the common joy  
Of rest, of peace, of viewing hill and dale,  
Of breathing in the silence of the woods,  
And blessing him who gave the Sabbath day.  
Yes, my heart flutters with a freer throb,  
To think that now the townsman wanders forth  
Among the fields and meadows, to enjoy  
The coolness of the day's decline ; to see



His children sport around, and simply pull  
The flower and weed promiscuous, as a boon,  
Which proudly in his breast they smiling fix.

Again I turn me to the hill, and trace  
The wizard stream, now scarce to be discern'd ;  
Woodless its banks, but green with ferny leaves,  
And thinly strew'd with heath-bells up and down.

Now, when the downward sun has left the glens,  
Each mountain's rugged lineaments are traced  
Upon the adverse slope, where stalks gigantic  
The shepherd's shadow thrown athwart the chasm,  
As on the topmost ridge he homeward hies.  
How deep the hush ! the torrent's channel, dry,  
Presents a stony steep, the echo's haunt.  
But, hark, a plaintive sound floating along !  
'Tis from yon heath-roof'd shielin ; now it dies  
Away, now rises full ; it is the song  
Which He,—who listens to the halleluiahs  
Of choiring Seraphim, delights to hear ;  
It is the music of the heart, the voice  
Of venerable age,—of guileless youth,  
In kindly circle seated on the ground  
Before their wicker door. Behold the man !  
The grandsire and the saint ; his silvery locks  
Beam in the parting ray : before him lies,  
Upon the smooth cropt sward, the open book,  
His comfort, stay, and ever new delight !

While, heedless, at his side, the lisping boy  
Fondles the lamb that nightly shares his couch.

GRAHAME.

### AN AUTUMN SABBATH WALK.

When homeward bands their several ways disperse,  
I love to linger in the narrow field  
Of rest, to wander round from tomb to tomb,  
And think of some who silent sleep below.  
Sad sighs the wind, that from those ancient elms  
Shakes showers of leaves upon the wither'd grass :  
The sere and yellow wreaths, with eddying sweep,  
Fill up the furrows 'tween the hillock'd graves.  
But list that moan ! 'tis the poor blind man's dog,  
His guide for many a day, now come to mourn  
The master and the friend—conjunction rare !  
A man indeed he was of gentle soul,  
Though bred to brave the deep ; the lightning's flash  
Had dimm'd, not closed, his mild, but sightless eyes.  
He was a welcome guest through all his range !  
(It was not wide :) no dog would bay at him ;  
Children would run to meet him on his way,  
And lead him to a sunny seat, and climb  
His knee, and wonder at his oft-told tales.  
Then would he teach the elfins how to plait  
The rushy cap and crown, or sedgy ship ;

And I have seen him lay his tremulous hand  
Upon their heads while silent moved his lips.  
Peace to thy spirit ! that now looks on me  
Perhaps with greater pity than I felt  
To see thee wandering darkling on thy way.

But let me quit this melancholy spot,  
And roam where nature gives a parting smile.  
As yet the blue-bells linger on the sod  
That copes the sheepfold ring ; and in the woods  
A second blow of many flowers appears ;  
Flowers faintly tinged, and breathing no perfume.  
But fruits, not blossoms, form the woodland wreath  
That circles Autumn's brow : The ruddy haws  
Now clothe the half-leaved thorn ; the bramble bends  
Beneath its jetty load ; the hazel hangs  
With auburn branches, dipping in the stream  
That sweeps along, and threatens to o'erflow  
The leaf-strewn banks : Oft, statue-like, I gaze,  
In vacancy of thought, upon that stream,  
And chase, with dreaming eye, the eddying foam ;  
Or rowan's cluster'd branch, or harvest sheaf,  
Borne rapidly adown the dizzying flood.

GRAHAME.

## A WINTER SABBATH WALK.

How dazzling white the snowy scene ! deep, deep,  
The stillness of the winter Sabbath day,—

Not even a foot-fall heard.—Smooth are the fields,  
Each hollow pathway level with the plain :  
Hid are the bushes, save that, here and there,  
Are seen the topmost shoots of brier or broom.  
High-ridged, the whirled drift has almost reach'd  
The powder'd key-stone of the church-yard porch.  
Mute hangs the hooded bell ; the tombs lie buried ;  
No step approaches to the house of prayer.

The flickering fall is o'er ; the clouds disperse  
And show the sun, hung o'er the welkin's verge,  
Shooting a bright but ineffectual beam  
On all the sparkling waste. Now is the time  
To visit nature in her grand attire ;  
Though perilous the mountainous ascent,  
A noble recompense the danger brings.  
How beautiful the plain stretch'd far below !  
Unvaried though it be, save by yon stream  
With azure windings, or the leafless wood.  
But what the beauty of the plain, compared  
To that sublimity which reigns enthroned,  
Holding joint rule with solitude divine,  
Among yon rocky fells, that bid defiance  
To steps the most adventurously bold !  
There silence dwells profound ; or if the cry  
Of high-poised eagle break at times the calm,  
The mantled echoes no response return.

But let me now explore the deep sunk dell ;

No foot-print, save the covey's or the flock's,  
Is seen along the rill, where marshy springs  
Still rear the grassy blade of vivid green.  
Beware, ye shepherds, of these treacherous haunts,  
Nor linger there too long : the wintry day  
Soon closes ; and full oft a heavier fall  
Heap'd by the blast, fills up the shelter'd glen,  
While, gurgling deep below, the buried rill  
Mines for itself a snow-coved way. O ! then,  
Your helpless charge drive from the tempting spot,  
And keep them on the bleak hill's stormy side,  
Where night-winds sweep the gathering drift away :—  
So the great Shepherd leads the heavenly flock  
From faithless pleasures, full into the storms  
Of life, where long they bear the bitter blast,  
Until at length the vernal sun looks forth,  
Bedimm'd with showers : Then to the pastures green  
He brings them, where the quiet waters glide,  
The streams of life, the Siloah of the soul.

GRAHAME.

## BLINDNESS.

Ah ! think of June's delicious rays,  
The eye of sorrow can illume,  
Or wild December's beamless days  
Can fling o'er all a transient gloom ;

Ah! think if skies, obscure or bright,  
Can thus depress or cheer the mind,  
Ah! think, midst clouds of utter night,  
What mournful moments wait the blind.

And who shall tell his cause for woe?  
To love the wife he ne'er must see;  
To be a sire, yet not to know  
The silent babe that climbs his knee;  
To have his feelings daily torn,  
With pain the passing meal to find;  
To live distress'd and die forlorn  
Are ills that oft await the blind.

When to the breezy uplands led  
At noon, or blushing eve, or morn,  
He hears the redbreast o'er his head,  
While round him breathes the scented thorn;  
But oh! instead of Nature's face,  
Hills, dales, and woods, and streams combined,  
Instead of tints, and forms, and grace,  
Night's blackest mantle shrouds the blind.

If rosy youth, bereft of sight,  
Midst countless thousands pines unblest'd,  
As the gay flower withdrawn from light  
Bows to the earth where all must rest,—

Ah ! think when life's declining hours  
To chilling penury are consign'd,  
And pain has palsied all his powers,  
Ah ! think what woes await the blind.

RUSHTON.

### THE EXILE'S DEPARTURE FROM ERIN.

Bright rises yon sun to the happy and free,  
But gloomy and dark are his bright beams to me ;  
An exile, condemned from my country to part,  
From the sweet scenes of youth, and the friends of  
my heart ;

To tear me from Erin, yon boat comes a shore,  
To bear me where friendship shall cheer me no more.  
My oppressors now triumph, but still 'tis my pride,  
That for Erin I suffer, for her would have died !

Yet, a moment, oh spare !—the last boon I shall  
crave,  
Is to kiss thy loved soil ere I launch on the wave ;  
Bid a long last adieu to whatever is dear,  
Oh ! blame not the anguish which forces this tear !

Dear Erin ! my country, for ever adieu !  
Your exile, forgotten, shall still think on you ;



Still pray for your welfare, your safety, and peace,  
Till the last languid pulse of this bursting heart cease !

D.

### CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

Yes, thou art changed since first we met,  
But think not I shall e'er regret ;  
Though never can my heart forget  
    The charms that once were thine :  
For, Marian, well the cause I know,  
    That stole the lustre from thine eye,  
That proved thy beauty's secret foe,  
    And bade thy bloom and spirits fly :  
What laid thy health, my Marian, low,  
    Was—anxious care of mine.

O'er my sick couch I saw thee bend,  
The duteous wife, the tender friend,  
And each capricious wish attend  
    With soft incessant care.  
Then, trust me, love ! that pallid face  
    Can boast a sweeter charm for me,  
A truer, tenderer, dearer grace  
    Than blooming health bestow'd on thee :  
For there thy well-timed love I see,  
    And read my blessings there.

OPIE.



## ON A MOTHER CARESSING HER CHILD.

My infant sweet ! come to my breast,  
And let thy doating mother trace  
Thy father in that cherub face,  
To her fond bosom closely prest.

Oh ! who can paint a mother's love ?  
Oh ! who a mother's transports tell—  
The feelings which her bosom swell,  
While gazing on the child of love ?

A mother's joy, a mother's woe ;  
A mother's hopes, a mother's fears ;  
A mother's tender, joyous tears,  
A mother's heart alone can know !

MRS. DOBBIN.

## THE CRUCIFIXION.

I ask'd the Heavens ; “ What foe to God hath done  
This unexampled deed ? ” The Heavens exclaim,  
“ 'Twas man ; and we in horror snatch'd the sun  
From such a spectacle of guilt and shame.”

I ask'd the sea—the sea in fury boil'd,  
 And answer'd with his voice of storms—" 'twas man,  
 My waves in panic at his crime recoil'd,  
 Disclos'd the abyss and from the centre ran."  
 I ask'd the earth—the earth replied aghast,  
 " 'Twas man ; and such strange pangs my bosom rent,  
 That still I groan and shudder at the past."  
 To man, gay, smiling, thoughtless man, I went,  
 And ask'd him next, *He* turn'd a scornful eye,  
 Shook his proud head, and deign'd me no reply.

MONTGOMERY.

## CHRIST, THE REFUGE OF HIS PEOPLE.

" Save, Lord ! or we perish."—MATT. VIII. 25.

When through the torn sail the wild tempest is stream-  
 ing,

When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,  
 Nor hope lends a ray, the poor seaman to cherish,  
 We fly to our Maker : " Save, Lord ! or we perish."

O Jesus ! once rock'd on the breast of the billow,  
 Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy pillow,  
 Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,  
 Who cries in his anguish, " Save, Lord, or we perish."  
 And O ! when the whirlwind of passion is raging,  
 When sin in our hearts his wild warfare is waging,  
 Then send down thy grace, thy redeemed to cherish,  
 Rebuke the destroyer ; " Save, Lord ! or we perish."

HEBER.

## VERSES.

Too late I staid, forgive the crime ;  
Unheeded flew the hours ;  
For noiseless falls the foot of time  
That only treads on flowers.

What eye with clear account remarks  
The ebbing of the glass,  
When all its sands are diamond-sparks  
That dazzle as they pass ?

Oh ! who to sober measurement  
Time's rapid swiftness brings,  
When birds of paradise have lent  
The plumage of their wings ?

SPENCER.

## NATURE.

How sweet at summer's noon, to sit and muse  
Beneath the shadow of some ancient elm !  
While at my feet the mazy streamlet flows  
In tuneful lapse, laving the flowers that bend  
To kiss its tide ; while sport the finny throng  
On the smooth surface of the crystal depths  
In silvery circlets, or in shallows leap,  
That sparkle to the sunbeam's trembling glare.

Around the tiny jets, where humid bells  
Break as they form, the water-spiders weave,  
Brisk on the eddying pools, their ceaseless dance.  
The wild bee winds her horn, lost in the cups  
Of honied flowers, or sweeps with ample curve,  
While o'er the summer's lap is heard the hum  
Of countless insects sporting on the wing  
Inviting sleep. And from the leafy woods  
One various song of bursting joy ascends,  
While echo wafts the notes from grove to hill ;  
From hill to grove the grateful concert spreads,  
As borne on fluttering plumes, in circling maze  
The happy birds flit through the balmy air,  
Where plays the gossamer ; and, as they felt  
The general joy, bright exhalations dance ;  
And shepherd's pipe, and song of blooming maid,  
Quick as she turns the odour-breathing swathes  
Of new-mown hay, and children playing round  
The ivy-cluster'd cot, and low of herds,  
And bleat of lambs, that crop the verdant sward  
With daisies pied, while smiles the heaven serene ;  
All wake to ecstasy, or melt to love,  
And to the Source of goodness raise the soul,—  
Raise it to Him, exhaustless source of bliss !  
That like the sun, best emblem of Himself,  
For ever flowing, yet for ever full,  
Diffuses life and happiness to all.

REV. W. GILLESPIE.

## LAND OF MY FATHERS.

Land of my fathers !—though no mangrove here  
O'er thy blue streams her flexile branches rear,  
Nor scaly palm her finger'd scions shoot,  
Nor luscious guava wave her yellow fruit,  
Nor golden apples glimmer from the tree—  
Land of dark heaths and mountains ! thou art free.

Untainted yet, thy stream, fair Teviot! runs,  
With unatoned blood of Gambia's sons :  
No drooping slave, with spirit bow'd to toil,  
Grows, like the weed, self-rooted to the soil ;  
Nor cringing vassal on these pansied meads  
Is bought and barter'd as the flock he feeds.  
Free as the lark that carols o'er his head,  
At dawn the healthy ploughman leaves his bed,  
Binds to the yoke his sturdy steers with care,  
And, whistling loud, directs the mining share ;  
Free as his lord the peasant treads the plain,  
And heaps his harvest on the groaning wain ;  
Proud of his laws, tenacious of his right,  
And vain of Scotia's old unconquer'd might.

Dear native valleys ! may ye long retain  
The charter'd freedom of the mountain-swain !  
Long 'mid your sounding glades, in union sweet,  
May rural innocence and beauty meet !

And still be duly heard at twilight calm  
From every cot the peasant's chanted psalm !

LEYDEN.

### OSSIAN'S HYMN TO THE SUN.

O thou, whose beams the seagirt earth array,  
King of the sky, and father of the day !  
O Sun ! what fountain, hid from human eyes,  
Supplies thy circle round the radiant skies,  
For ever burning and for ever bright,  
With Heaven's pure fire and everlasting light ?  
What awful beauty in thy face appears,  
Immortal youth, beyond the power of years !

When gloomy darkness to thy reign resigns,  
And from the gates of Morn thy glory shines,  
The conscious stars are put to sudden flight,  
And all the planets hide their heads in night ;  
The Queen of Heaven forsakes th' ethereal plain,  
To sink inglorious in the western main.  
The clouds refulgent deck thy golden throne,  
High in the heavens, immortal and alone !  
Who can abide the brightness of thy face,  
Or who attend thee in thy rapid race ?  
The mountain oaks, like their own leaves, decay ;  
Themselves, the mountains, wear with age away ;  
The boundless main, that rolls from land to land,  
Lessens at times and leaves a waste of sand ;

The silver moon, refulgent lamp of night,  
Is lost in heaven, and emptied of her light ;  
But thou for ever shalt endure the same,  
Thy light eternal, and unspent thy flame.

When tempests with their train impend on high,  
Darken the day, and load the labouring sky ;  
When heaven's wide convex glows with lightnings dire,  
All ether flaming, and all earth on fire ;  
When loud and long the deep mouth'd thunder rolls,  
And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles ;  
If from the opening clouds thy form appears,  
Her wonted charm the face of nature wears ;  
Thy beauteous orb restores departed day,  
Looks from the sky and laughs the storm away.

LOGAN.

## PRESENTIMENT OF DEATH.

Now spring returns ; but not to me returns  
Those vernal joys my better years have known ;  
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,  
And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and shivering in th' inconstant wind,  
Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,  
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclined,  
And count the silent moments as they pass.



The winged moments, whose unstaying speed  
No art can stop, or in their course arrest ;  
Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,  
And lay me down in peace with them that rest.

Oft morning dreams presage approaching fate ;  
(And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true ;)   
Led by pale ghosts, I enter death's dark gate,  
And bid the realms of light and life adieu.

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe,  
I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,  
The sluggish stream that slowly creeps below,  
Which mortals visit and return no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields ! ye cheerful plains !  
Enough for me the churchyard's lonely mound,  
Where melancholy with still silence reigns,  
And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

There let me wander at the shut of eve,  
When sleep sits dewy on the labourer's eyes ;  
The world and all its busy follies leave,  
And talk with wisdom where my Daphnis lies.

There let me sleep, forgotten in the clay,  
When Death shall shut these weary aching eyes :  
Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,  
Till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise.



CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Though I sleep, my God awaketh ;  
 Still his guard is over me ;  
 And though all earthly hope forsaketh,  
 Still his peace shall dwell with me.

Though in my heart, 'tis past the telling,  
 The pangs, the anguish I assay ;  
 Yet, even there, his image dwelling,  
 Flings bright radiance on my way.

Hopes, from nothing earthly born,  
 'Midst tears and sorrow beam delight ;  
 So on earth's orient side 'tis morn,  
 While deep its west is sunk in night.

ANONYMOUS.

WEEP NOT FOR ME.

When the spark of life is waning  
 Weep not for me.

When the languid eye is straining  
 Weep not for me.

When the feeble pulse is ceasing,  
 Start not at its swift decreasing,  
 'Tis the fettered soul's releasing,  
 Weep not for me.

When the pangs of death assail me,

Weep not for me.

Christ is mine—He cannot fail me,

Weep not for me.

Yes, though sin and doubt endeavour

From his love my soul to sever,

Jesus is my strength—for ever ;

Weep not for me.

DALE.

### FUNERAL HYMN.

Mary, thou art gone to rest,

Why should we deplore thee ?

Light the turf lies on thy breast,

Soft the winds break o'er thee ;

Here within thy native clay

Calmly thou art sleeping,

Safer, happier far than they

Who are o'er thee weeping.

Deep and still thy bed is made,

Close to those that bore thee ;

Trees 'neath which thy childhood played,

Gently waving o'er thee.

Hark ! the thrush ! how sweet his lay !

See the flowers ! how blooming !

Weep not for the dead, they say,

Though in earth consuming.

Weep not for her—she is gone

Where no ill can move her ;

All her earthly labours done,

All her trials over.

Weep not, she has found a home

Where no sorrow paineth ;

Sin, nor fear, nor terror come

Where a Saviour reigneth.

L——.

## PARAPHRASE OF THE CXXXVII. PSALM.

By Babylon's streams we sat and sighed,

Whilst bitter tears increased the swelling tide ;

Say, could those tears one moment cease to flow,

Whilst memory added pangs to every woe ?

How could our hearts from anguish e'er be free,

Oh peaceful Zion, when we thought of thee ?

Our harps neglected, silent and unstrung,

Upon the bending willows mournful hung ;

How could our souls in music seek relief,  
When cruel foes with insult crown'd our grief?  
Yes ! they who did us thither captive bring,  
In scorn the songs of Zion bid us sing ;  
But never, Zion, could we joyful be,  
Or sing the song of God when far from thee.  
Jerusalem ! while memory has its reign,  
My constant heart shall bless thy much lov'd name.  
When I forget thee, oh my native land !  
May skill no more direct this active hand ;  
May words persuasive cease these lips to move,  
If in the midst of hope, of joy, of love,  
Thy happiness be not my highest care,  
The constant object of my ardent pray'r.  
Almighty God ! to whom revenge belongs,  
To thee we leave the vengeance of our wrongs :  
Remember them who in Jerusalem's day,  
Would to the lowly earth its glories lay.  
Daughter of Bab'lon, tho' a queen you shine,  
Know that our anguish shortly shall be thine :  
Oh blest is he ordained to lay thee low,  
And change thy might to poverty and woe ;  
May pity flee his heart in that sad hour,  
Her infant's cries, nor mother's pray'rs have pow'r,  
To move the conquering warrior's just design,  
With Zion's sorrows to proportion thine.

## THE TREMBLING CULPRIT.

“ Begone ! and sin no more,” did Jesus cry  
To her whom Moses’ law condemned to die ?  
Yes ! He who came a guilty world to save,  
Beheld the trembling culprit and forgave.  
He mark’d the tears that did in silence roll,  
And knew the bitter anguish of her soul.  
How like a God to pity and forgive,  
And bid the helpless, hopeless sinner live.  
Who shall despair, O Lord, that comes to Thee ?  
Who pleads Thy blood can want no other plea.  
Thy mercy fullest pardon can impart,  
Thy grace alone can change the stony heart.  
Is there a soul, who when it hears Thy voice,  
Does not with transport at Thy words rejoice ?  
Thy gospel offers peace to all who come,  
Thy self our Father, and Thy heaven our home.

J. M.

## THE MOSS ROSE.

The rose-bud swell’d in Sharon’s vale,  
And bloom’d in Eden beauteously ;  
It drank the breath of southern gale ;  
It prov’d the warmth of summer sky ;

But o'er thy growth no summer rose ;  
But drifted lay the untrodden snows.

The rose of England, rose of yore,  
In lily and in crimson hue,  
Its bloom was dipp'd in human gore,  
And sullied were its leaves to view ;  
But thou hast spread amidst the storm,  
In stainless purity, thy form.

Sweet innocence ! by mercy fed  
With light and warmth, and shelter meet,  
Whilst Winter all his horrors sped  
In drifted snow and driving sleet ;  
Thus have I seen in maiden form  
A beauteous nursling of the storm !

Sweet purity ; no grosser breath  
Of fervid winds and scorching skies  
Taught thee to spring from mother earth,  
And 'midst impurities arise ;  
But thou hast sprung, a lovely thing,  
Nor proved the genial breath of spring.

Sweet messenger ! of triumph due  
O'er Death in all his wintry pride ;  
He cannot quench one living hue,  
Which heaven has destined to abide

Undimm'd 'midst nature's dire decay,  
To blossom in eternal day.

I'll fix thee here beside my heart,  
To calm its pulse and check its play,  
To heal its wounds, and sooth its smart,  
And chase each rankling thought away ;  
For surely nought of earthly care  
May mar its peace when thou art there.

GILLESPIE.

### THE HARVEST MOON.

All hail ! thou lovely queen of night,  
Bright empress of the starry sky !  
The meekness of thy silvery light  
Beams gladness on the gazer's eye,  
While from thy peerless throne on high  
Thou shinest bright as cloudless noon,  
And bid'st the shades of darkness fly  
Before thy glory—Harvest Moon !

In the deep stillness of the night,  
When weary Labour is at rest,  
How lovely is the scene !—how bright  
The wood—the lawn—the mountain's breast,



When thou, fair Moon of Harvest ! hast  
Thy radiant glory all unfurled,  
And sweetly smilest in the west,  
Far down upon the silent world.

Dispel the clouds, majestic orb !  
That round the dim horizon brood,  
And hush the winds that would disturb  
The deep—the awful solitude,  
That rests upon the slumbering flood,  
The dewy fields, and silent grove,  
When midnight hath thy zenith viewed,  
And felt the kindness of thy love.

Lo ! scattered wide beneath thy throne,  
The hope of millions richly spread,  
That seems to court thy radiance down  
To rest upon its dewy bed :  
O ! let thy cloudless glory shed  
Its welcome brilliance from on high,  
Till hope be realized—and fled  
The omens of a frowning sky.

Shine on, fair orb of light ! and smile  
Till autumn months have passed away,  
And Labour hath forgot the toil  
He bore in summer's sultry ray ;

And when the reapers end the day,  
Tired with the burning heat of noon,  
They'll come with spirits light and gay,  
And bless thee—lovely Harvest Moon !

W. MILLAR.

### STANZAS WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

'Tis night—and in darkness the visions of youth  
Flit solemn and slow in the eye of the mind ;  
The hope they excited hath perished, and truth  
Laments o'er the wrecks they are leaving behind.  
'Tis midnight—and wide o'er the regions of riot  
Are spread, deep in silence, the wings of repose ;  
And man, soothed from revel, and lulled into quiet,  
Forgets in his slumbers the weight of his woes.

How gloomy and dim is the scowl of the heaven,  
Whose azure the clouds with their darkness invest ;  
Not a star o'er the shadowy concave is given,  
To omen a something like hope to the breast.  
Hark ! how the lone night-wind up-tosses the forest !  
A downcast regret through the mind slowly steals ;  
But, ah ! 'tis the tempest of fortune that sorest  
The bosom of man in his solitude feels !

Where, where are the spirits in whom was my trust,  
Whose bosoms with mutual affection did burn ?  
Alas ! they have gone to their homes in the dust,  
The grass rustles drearily over their urn :  
While I, in a populous solitude, languish,  
'Mid foes that beset me, and friends that are cold :  
Ah ! the pilgrim of earth oft has felt in his anguish,  
That the heart may be widowed before it is old !

Affection can sooth but its votaries an hour,  
Doomed soon in the flames that it raised to depart ;  
And, ah ! disappointment has poison and power  
To ruffle and sour the most patient of heart.  
Too oft, 'neath the barb-pointed arrows of malice,  
Has merit been destined to bear and to bleed ;  
And they, who of pleasure have emptied the chalice,  
Have found that the dregs were full bitter indeed.

Let the storms of adversity lower ; 'tis in vain,  
Tho' friends should forsake me, and foes should  
combine ;  
Such may kindle the breasts of the weak to complain,  
They only can teach resignation to mine :  
For far o'er the regions of doubt and of dreaming,  
The spirit beholds a less perishing span :  
And bright through the tempest the rainbow is stream-  
ing,  
The sign of forgiveness from Heaven to man !

## WHERE IS HE ?

“ Man giveth up the ghost and where is he ? ” JOB V.

And where is he ? not by the side  
Of her whose wants he loved to tend ;  
Not o'er those valleys wand'ring wide,  
Where, sweetly lost, he oft would wend ;  
That form beloved he marks no more,  
Those scenes admired no more shall see ;  
Those scenes are lovely as before,  
And she as fair—but where is he ?

No, no ; the radiance is not dim,  
That used to gild his fav'rite hill :  
The pleasures that were dear to him  
Are dear to life and nature still ;  
But, ah ! his home is not as fair,  
Neglected must his gardens be ;  
The lilies droop and wither there,  
And seem to whisper, “ Where is he ? ”

His was the pomp, the crowded hall ;  
But where is now this proud display ?  
His riches, honours, pleasures, all  
Desire could frame ; but where are they ?  
And he, as some tall rock, that stands  
Protected by the circling sea,  
Surrounded by admiring bands,  
Seem'd proudly strong—and where is he ?

The churchyard bears an added stone,  
The fireside shows a vacant chair ;  
Here Sadness dwells, and weeps alone,  
And Death displays his banner there :  
The life has gone, the breath has fled,  
And what has been, no more shall be ;  
The well-known form, the welcome tread,  
O where are they, and where is he ?

HENRY NEALE.

### DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

Like summer eve, when sunlight throws  
A beauteous parting ray around ;  
And silent shades in peace repose  
Upon the soft and dewy ground :  
As still, as peaceful, and serene,  
Is the last ray when life is done ;  
When Hope's bright beam smiles o'er the scene  
Which saw a glorious race begun.  
What though around his couch may fall,  
The dewdrops from kind pity's eye ;  
The happy spirit smiles on all,  
And shines upon another sky.  
Oh ! such is life, whose parting ray  
Throws lustre on a world of sorrow ;  
For as its brightness dies away,  
There's promise of a glorious morrow.

ANONYMOUS.

## CHRIST'S SECOND COMING.

The Lord shall come ! the earth shall quake ;  
The mountains to their centre shake ;  
And, withering from the vault of night,  
The stars shall pale their feeble light.

The Lord shall come ! but not the same  
As once in lowliness He came ;  
A silent Lamb before his foes,  
A weary man, and full of woes.

The Lord shall come ! a dreadful form,  
With rainbow-wreath and robes of storm ;  
On cherub-wings, and wings of wind,  
Appointed Judge of all mankind.

Can this be He, who wont to stray  
As Pilgrim on the world's highway,  
Oppress'd by power, and mock'd by pride,  
The Nazarene,—the crucified ?

While sinners in despair shall call,  
“ Rocks, hide us ; mountains, on us fall ! ”  
The saints, ascending from the tomb,  
Shall joyful sing, “ The Lord is come ! ”

## ADVENT HYMN.

The chariot ! the chariot ! its wheels roll in fire,  
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire ;  
Self-moving, it drives on its path-way of cloud,  
And the heavens with the burthen of Godhead are  
bow'd.

The glory ! the glory ! around him are pour'd,  
The myriads of angels that wait on the Lord ;  
And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are there,  
And all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear.

The trumpet ! the trumpet ! the dead have all heard ;  
Lo, the depths of the stone-cover'd monuments stirr'd !  
From ocean and earth, from the south pole and north,  
Lo, the vast generation of ages come forth.

The judgment ! the judgment ! the thrones are all set,  
Where the lamb and the white-vested elders are met ;  
All flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,  
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

Oh mercy ! oh mercy ! look down from above,  
Redeemer, on us, thy sad children, with love !  
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,  
May our justified souls find a welcome in heaven !

REV. H. H. MILLMAN.



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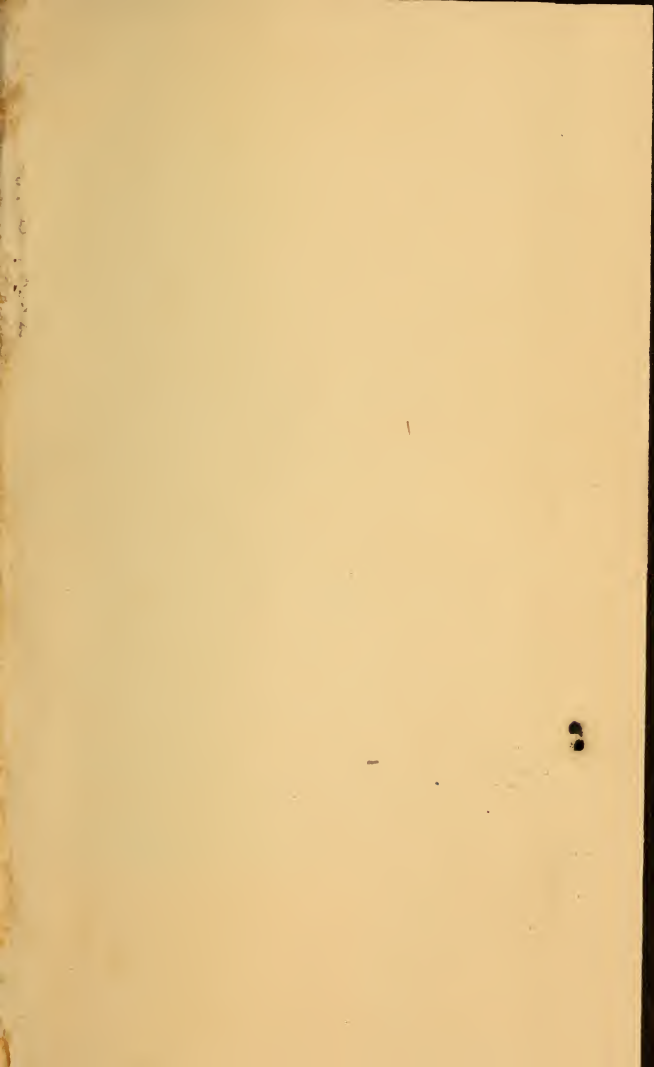
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